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ARLINGTON, MASS., OCTOBER 19, 1901.

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ARLINGTON.

MEN ARE ADMITTED.

Arlington Equal Suffrage Association Begins Work With Officers and Committees—To Hold Frequent Meetings and Discussions.

The movement for equal suffrage which has been before the people of Massachusetts at various times for several years will doubtless receive good support from Arlington in the future, for the Arlington Equal Suffrage League, which has been talked of for some time, became a permanent organization Monday afternoon. Men are to be admitted to membership and the organization will be made as effective in the work for which it is organized as is possible.

The meeting was held at Pleasant hall on Maple street and the following officers were elected: Chairman, Mrs. Othilie J. Lawson; vice-chairman, Miss Annie Stevens; secretary, Jessica C. Henderson; treasurer, Mrs. Daisy Cutting; committee on program, Mrs. Edith Hicks, Mrs. Anna Pierce, Mrs. Wm. P. Foster; director to the board of the state association, Mrs. Henderson.

It was voted to hold the meetings in the evening of the second Tuesday of each month, from October to April, inclusive, and also to admit the gentlemen to membership.

The purpose of the league was declared to be "the promotion of sociability, and a fuller understanding of civic affairs."

The first open meeting is arranged for Tuesday evening, November 12, and it is to be made a social event. A goodly attendance is hoped for both of those interested and those willing to become so.

SPARED NO PAINS.

Court Pride of Arlington to Have Superior Array of Talent Thursday Evening.

The first grand entertainment and dance of Court Pride of Arlington, P. of A., will be at the town hall Thursday evening. The affair will be one of the best of its kind ever attempted in Arlington, and some of the talent will be as good as there is anywhere. No pains and no expense have been spared to make the occasion one long to be remembered, and as the committee has worked hard and well a large attendance is assured. The array of talent consists of banjo soloist, Chas. Harper; vocalists, D. M. Hanson; William Kennedy; Andy Lonsnessy; whistling soloist, L. B. Shurtz; soprano solo, Miss M. Julia Hassett, of Cambridge; baritone soloist, John C. Fowler, of Arlington; juvenile pianist, Miss Agnes Geary, of North Cambridge; pianist, S. Willson Bailey, of Cambridge; piano accompanist, Miss Aline M. King, of Cambridge; tenor, Martin M. Kelly; leader, Miss Rose Zephire; juvenile soprano, Miss Ella Grannan, of Arlington; comic artists, Andy Leonard and lady; illustrated song sheet, Thomas A. Dineen, violin, F. J. Fennell; cornetist, Oscar Koppitz; humorist, Sandy Chapman; contralto soloist, Mrs. Amanda Beauchemin, of Arlington; Condit's orchestra will furnish music for dancing. The committee in charge of the affair is D. M. Hooley, chairman; Thomas A. Dineen, secretary; P. J. Hussey, treasurer; C. W. Grossmith, John J. Dacy, J. H. Fennell, J. D. Dacy, and P. J. Melly. The entertainment begins at 8 o'clock, and the dancing will follow until 2 o'clock.

ON THE SCHOOL BOARD.

Harry G. Porter Elected a Member of Arlington School Committee.

Harry G. Porter, of Pleasant street, was unanimously elected a member of the school committee by the joint action of the selectmen and the eight members of the school board, at the town hall, Monday evening. The meeting was necessary in order to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Dr. A. F. Reed. The vacancy occurred some few months ago, but as there was no need of a full board during the summer months, the filling of the vacancy was put off. The new member, Harry G. Porter, has been a resident of Arlington but a little over 10 years, although during that time he has become familiar with the school and all questions relating thereto. He was born in Boston, Dec. 6, 1857, and is, therefore, nearly 44 years of age. He has lived in Cambridge a number of years before coming to Arlington. Mr. Porter is married and has two children. For several years he was connected with the H. & L. Chase Co. of Boston, where he was in charge of the plant, but he afterwards purchased the plant and is now the sole owner himself. The selection of Mr. Porter for the school board meets with universal favor throughout the town, and he is regarded as being well fitted for the place.

A PRIZE WINNER.

The half-tone picture of Joshua G. Dodge was the recipient of a sitting at Litchfield's studio in Arlington, of which Marshall & Grant are the proprietors. The photograph was placed on exhibition at the convention of the New England Photographers' association at Copley hall, Boston, where it was selected as a prize picture for the Salon, and it is now hanging in the museum of fine arts. The photographers are receiving requests for prints of the picture from photographers all over the country. While the half-tone gives an idea of the likeness, it cannot give the fine details which are brought out in the original photograph.

BURGLARS ARE CAUGHT.

The three burglars, Dudley, Gordon and Reynolds, who were arrested in Boston this week, have confessed to the breaks committed in Arlington, recently, at the houses of George M. Brooks, of 27 Wyman street, William James, of 12 Palmer street, and Herbert C. Mosley, of 1188 Massachusetts avenue, which have puzzled the police ever since they were reported. Not only in Arlington did the burglars operate, but in Cambridge, Malden, Medford and Everett, and they are also accused of offenses of a similar nature in Providence, R. I. The men were before the Cambridge district court, Tuesday morning, and waiting examination, they were each held in the sum of \$5000 for the grand jury. They have made several confessions, and have aided the police in locating the property. The Arlington people who were robbed have recovered a part of their goods.

ARLINGTON GOLF.

The first round at match play of the Women's club championship was played on the links of the Arlington club, Tuesday afternoon, with the following results: Miss Adele Fitzpatrick beat Miss Clara Taft by default. Miss A. Parker beat Miss Flora Hill, 1 up (19 holes). Miss Alice Winn beat Miss Edith Teel, 2 up. Miss Elizabeth Coleman beat Miss Alice Teel, 1 up (20 holes).

OPPOSED SLAVERY.

Joshua G. Dodge of Arlington Well Acquainted With Famous Agitators—Has Observed Vegetarian Diet all His Life—A Prize Portrait.

A familiar figure in Arlington is that of Joshua G. Dodge, of Russell street, a man of 88 years, but well preserved, hale and hearty. For over 25 years he has been a resident of Arlington, and he takes much interest in all that pertains to the welfare of the community. Few men are better known throughout the whole town and this is due to some extent because he has a reputation of being one of the old anti-slavery champions, and also from the fact that he is a vegetarian in diet. To all acquaintances he is a warm friend, and he numbers them by the hundreds.

Mr. Dodge was born in the town of Hamilton on the Ipswich river, Jan. 28, 1813. Before he was 10 years of age a large mill owned by his father was burned to the ground, and after that time the family moved about considerably. In 1830 his parents came to Arlington, where they located permanently.

But the subject of this sketch did not come here for several years. In 1832, or the year following, Mr. Dodge first became acquainted with William Lloyd Garrison, who was beginning the great agitation of anti-slavery.

Mr. Dodge fell in with those ideas and was well known as in sympathy with the movement ever afterwards. He became personally acquainted with the leaders, including Wendell Phillips, Parker Pillsbury and others. In 1838 Mr. Dodge went west, and for seven years worked as a farmer in Illinois in the colony of Wethersfield. This colony was made up of people with religious tendencies and was regarded as a Christian assembly. While the spirit of anti-slavery feeling was not thought much of at that time it was tolerated, and Mr. Dodge was regarded as the leader in the movement in that section. Sickened coming to the family at home Mr. Dodge sold his farm and came to Arlington where he remained for some time. He cherished the cause of anti-slavery the same as ever, and at times ran some risks in support of his ideas. On one occasion he entertained at his house Sallie Holley and Miss Putnam, two advocates of the cause, and they were speaking at a meeting in Medford one evening he volunteered to drive them to the hall. When they arrived they found a large crowd outside the hall, and they were quickly informed that no meeting would be allowed. Seeing the meeting would be disturbed, if not seriously dealt with, the parties went to the house of a sympathizer, where plans were discussed and the cause encouraged. An all day's meeting was held in Arlington on one occasion which was presided by Mr. Phillips and Parker Pillsbury, and Mr. Dodge was one of the promoters of the meeting. Seven more years were spent in the west, and then Mr. Dodge came back to Arlington. He had secured a position through influence of Mr. Garrison, and he held the place until the close of the war. He was for a short time engaged in the same work in Florida. In South Carolina Mr. Dodge had seven plantations under his care, and the work done by the freedmen was for the benefit of the government. Cotton was cultivated and shipped to New York under the direction of the government officials. The first tidings of the assassination of President Lincoln were received from a steamer which came to the harbor at Hilton Head. The scenes attending the receipt of the news are beyond description. Mr. Dodge then went to Iowa and remained at farming again until 1875, when he returned to Arlington to spend the remainder of his days.

Mr. Dodge was married in 1840 to Miss Mary Herrick, of Westford, and Mrs. Dodge has three children, all still living. The eldest son is J. E. Dodge, of Madison, Wis., a judge in the supreme court of the state and ex-assistant attorney-general of the United States, serving under President Cleveland. Mrs. Mabel Cumston, of Brooklyn, is a daughter, and Samuel Douglas Dodge, of Arlington, who is employed on the metropolitan water board, is the youngest of the family.

The general health of Mr. Dodge is of the best, he never having been seriously sick, so he says, during his life. He ascribes this fact to his mode of living, being a strict vegetarian in diet, and for years never tasting animal food. He believes thoroughly that a meat diet is unnatural, and one which is not conducive to good health. He does not say he has never tasted meat, but never more than a few times during his earliest boyhood. He has eaten eggs, however, and is very fond of milk. He considers fish equally bad with meat, but fears the vegetable diet is not popular with the people.

The science of astronomy is the favorite study of Mr. Dodge during recent years, and he reads all new works on the subject as soon as they are issued. He thinks the planets furnish interesting points for study, but does not believe any of them support life of any kind. In politics Mr. Dodge is Democratic, and usually votes with that party. He does not agree with the Philippine views of the administration, but instead is a great admirer of ex-Governor Boutwell's views on that issue. In closing a conversation with an Enterprise man, Mr. Dodge told of being with a crowd on one occasion to escort Wendell Phillips home from Music hall one Sunday afternoon, where he had been giving a stirring address to a large congregation. There was an attempt made to injure the speaker, but the sympathizers, headed by Mr. Dodge, drove Phillips, the greater orator and Garrison the greater in wisdom.

JOSHUA G. DODGE.

Belmont and Waverley

BELMONT.

A large congregation worshipped at the Plymouth Congregational church, last Sunday, both morning and evening. The chorus choir has increased the interest in the music. Mrs. Giles and Mr. Upham sang a duet in the evening. "How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds."

One of a series of weekly bowling tournaments was held on the alleys of the Belmont club, Wednesday evening. The team under the captaincy of Chas. R. Suydam won two out of three against the team of Capt. Geo. Locke. Most of the bowlers were up to their usual standard, but Meisel and Fletcher were "lame." It is rumored that Meisel's "lame" will probably account for better work from him in the future.

The Ladies' aid of the Plymouth Congregational church met with Mrs. Poole, on Goden street, Wednesday afternoon.

Citizens of Belmont and Waverley are invited to attend the exhibition of Elson prints to be held in Waverley hall on Wednesday and Thursday afternoon and evening of next week. Everyone will be amply rewarded who attends the exhibition for its own sake, as it is an unusual opportunity to have so fine a collection brought to us here at home, and we are sure that all will be interested in the object of the exhibition, which is to raise funds for the purchase of pictures for the new Daniel Butler school building. A subscription paper is in circulation for the same object, to which it is hoped many will contribute. Any subscriptions for this object may be sent to Mrs. J. L. Ellis, chairman of the ladies' committee. Much interest is being taken now in making our schoolhouses beautiful by all progressive cities and towns, and it is hoped that Belmont and Waverley will not be behind the times in this respect.

The selectmen held a private meeting recently, and the regular meeting was held Tuesday evening, but as yet they have no answer ready to give out in reply to the petition for street railroad location at Waverley.

A hearing was held at the selectmen's room this week in regard to the acceptance of Payson road as a public highway.

Rev. Hilary Bygrave returned Tuesday from the Adirondacks, and will occupy the pulpit at the Unitarian church, tomorrow.

Chas. Suydam has returned from a few days' trip.

An interesting story is told of one of our dealers, who recently drove to a wedding of a relative at Newton. During his stay at the festivities, his horse and buggy were stolen, together with a good supply of furs from the nuptial feast. The stealing rascals, who proved to be two boys, were brought to justice and punished, and the horse is once more making himself useful about Belmont.

Norman Pearse was in town Tuesday evening. He has been in America a few weeks, but contemplates an early return to England.

Rev. Francis Tiffany, of Cambridge, occupied the pulpit at the Unitarian church last Sunday.

Mrs. Hale, of Pleasant street, left Thursday for a trip abroad, where she intends to remain for about a year.

The ladies' "Friday nights" on the alleys of the Belmont club are becoming better attended as the cool weather draws nearer.

An organ is to be placed in the Episcopal church on Common street. The expenses for the installation of the same have been raised by subscription. It is hoped that the new organ may be ready at the Christmas services.

The funeral of Mrs. George Cheney, who died last week Thursday, was held from her late home on Common street, Sunday last.

WAVERLEY.

J. F. Cotter has already let his tenement house on White street to be completed Nov. 1.

Dr. Penelope Flett has opened an office at the house of Chas. H. Houlahan on White street. Miss Flett is the same of Vassar and comes to Waverley from Brooklyn, N. Y., where she has had an office for several years.

At the regular meeting of Waverley council No. 313, R. A. last week Tuesday, it was voted to hold a ladies' night in November.

A committee of ladies, with Mrs. J. L. Ellis as chairman and Mrs. J. H. Edwards as secretary, will hold an exhibition of pictures in Waverley hall, Wednesday afternoon and evening, Oct. 23, and Thursday, Oct. 24. The exhibition will be a loan collection of Elson prints. A nominal admission fee will be charged, the proceeds to go toward purchasing wall decorations for the new Daniel Butler school.

Charles Wellington, of upper Trapelo road, has recently sold his large farm estate, which he has occupied a number of years, to the Cambridge Golf club. The club will start at once to renovate and rebuild the house to meet their requirements as up-to-date quarters, and will lay out a fine course. Mr. Wellington will erect a residence on the estate, which he has recently purchased of Mr. Jameson.

A party of teachers from the Somerville schools held a basket picnic in Beaver Brook reservation, one afternoon last week.

Rev. Mr. Young, of Dedham, who supplied the pulpit of the Unitarian society last Sunday, during the absence of Mr. Allen at Bridgewater, was well liked.

Waverley was again well represented amongst the excursion traveling public on Tuesday, when a number of our residents enjoyed the Hoosac tunnel excursion of the Boston & Maine R. R. Co., at their special \$2 fare rate.

Mrs. M. A. Holmes and daughters have moved from Thayer road to Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Roberts, of Burnham street, are receiving congratulations on the birth of a little girl.

Harry Oteri, our local barber, is again lame, though not fully recovered from a two weeks' illness.

While we fully realize that the extra details of school commencement, and the entrance into a new building, etc., have presented many questions to the citizens and school committee, we wish to make another, and shall hope that it may not be so early but that we may receive a reply. What disposition is to be made of the old Daniel Butler school? We would suggest that the upper portion be made into lodge or committee halls. The front portion of the

(Continued on Page Eight.)

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POISONED.

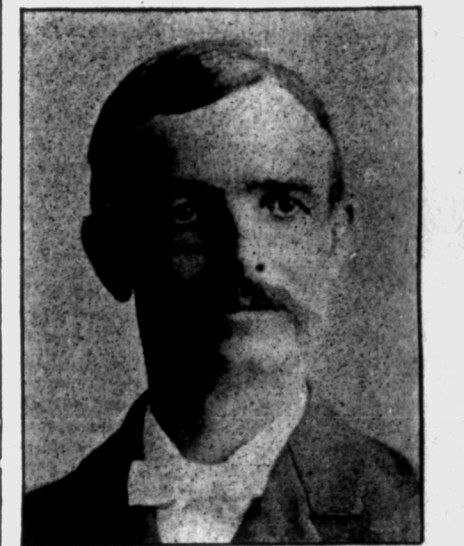
Lexington Masonic Gathering Has Unpleasant Ending.

Simon W. Robinson Lodge Entertains Friends, and Lobster Causes Havoc—Nearly All Suffer from Ptomaines—Prompt Medical Aid Necessary.

Nearly 100 Masons who attended the Masonic meeting in Lexington, Monday evening, were poisoned by eating lobster salad, and while the poisoning has not resulted fatally, many of the number have been seriously ill.

Several have been feeling the effects of the poison in a slight degree, while others have been so sick as to require medical assistance. In fact, all those who partook of the lobster salad have in a greater or less degree paid the penalty for so doing.

The illness developed all the symptoms of ptomaine poisoning, which it undoubtedly was. The collocation which was



JOHN MCKAY,
Master of Simon W. Robinson Lodge.

served after the formal exercises had nothing unusual about it except the result. It was served in the lodge banquet hall and nearly everyone was liberally supplied with lobster salad, escalloped oysters, ice cream and other delicacies. The hour was rather late and the fraternity appeared to be hungry enough to do justice to a good square meal. The food disappeared and the members dispersed a few at a time until the last had gone.

Tuesday came, and no trouble was reported until afternoon. Then it began and began in earnest. Different people commenced to complain of feeling badly, of suffering from stomach trouble, or of severe pains in the region of the stomach. By evening other victims were added to the list, but it was some time before it was noticed that the sufferers had all partaken of the food at the Masonic spread.

Soon, however, light dawned upon them, and instead of dosing for colic or inflammation, strenuous methods were resorted to in order to allay the troubled stomachs. Physicians were called and were kept busy relieving the sufferers.

It would perhaps be difficult to state which one of the members had the worst attack, but among those especially afflicted were Charles H. Miles, Edward C. Stone, Charles T. West, George D. Harrington, Byron C. Earle, John T. Fratus, Charles T. Hadley, Charles G. Richardson, of Woburn; Junior Grand Master, N. W. Lillie, of Somerville; Lexington; Mr. Thorne, of Essex; Lexington; Edward Blake, of Bedford; Officer Patrick J. Maguire, who chanced to come into the hall and was treated, was also a victim of the ptomaines. Fortunately none were so sick but what recovery was possible.

No blame is attached to the caterer, however, for the trouble, as the lobsters purchased were supposed to be of the best quality and a high price was paid for them.

It was a red letter night for the lodge, nevertheless, for an official visit was paid by District Deputy C. W. Bunker, of Arlington, and his suite, comprising the worshipful masters and other officers of the lodges in the sixth Masonic district. There was a large gathering of Masons from the several towns adjoining Lexington and all were made to feel the hospitality for which Simon W. Robinson lodge is singularly noted. The visitation was according to the Masonic usages, and the second degree was conferred upon one candidate to exemplify the work of the first degree. The work was pronounced by the visitors as being of a particularly high order, and all were well pleased with their visit.

The visiting notables were: District Deputy Grand Master C. W. Bunker, of Arlington; Senior Grand Warden Frank G. Richardson, of Woburn; Junior Grand Master, N. W. Lillie, of Somerville; Grand Secretary R. Walter Hilliard, of Arlington; Grand Treasurer George D. Green, of Medford; District Deputy Grand Marshal Ernest Hasselline, of Lexington. At the close of the formal part of the exercises the invited guests and members repaired to the banquet table, and after the repast Masonic greetings were exchanged and a social hour was spent until a late hour, when the guests were obliged to depart.

Simon W. Robinson lodge is at present one of the best lodges in the state, and is noted for the successful administration of its worshipful masters. The officers of the lodge at the present time are: W. M., John McKay; S. W., George A. Warner; J. W., Charles F. Nourse; treasurer, Frank Peabody; secretary, Charles W. Swan; marshal, Everett S. Locke; chaplain, Leonard A. Saville; S. D., William Whitaker; J. D., Arthur D. Stone; S. S., William H. Ballard; J. S., Edward E. Stone; I. S., Thaddeus L. Bruce; Tyler, A. W. Stone.

D. W. Rogers, who was arrested last week for vagrancy, was sentenced to the state farm at the district court in Cambridge, Tuesday. The belief that he was connected with the recent break-in in town was disproved by the confessions of the Boston gang who were arrested.

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THE ENTERPRISE.

Saturday, October 19, 1901.

A GREAT CHANGE.

What would have been thought and said, even a generation ago, if a college president had become a candidate for mayor of a great city like New York? It couldn't have happened, for nobody would have thought of making such a nomination. College presidents were very different men from those of today, giving all their thought to educational matters and to the administration of their institutions. Today the college president is a man of very great business ability, a practical man of affairs. Seth Low was a leader in great political and social movements before he was a college president, and nobody questions his fitness for the mayoralty, even though he is "one of them literary fellows."

MR. HAY'S SUCCESS.

The latest act of the McKinley administration, completed in the new one, it is true, is the treaty with Great Britain regarding the Isthmus, making possible the building of the great canal. It is a triumph of American diplomacy, and Mr. Hay may well be proud of it, as one of the chief acts of his career. The concession made by Great Britain is a remarkable one, but it is in line with the progress of this generation. She could not have stood before the world on the basis of the old agreement.

Senator Platt dined with the president, a few days ago, and refused to say a word to the reporters about the affair. He was right. It isn't polite to talk about what you have for dinner. Suppose he had spread all over the country the fact that the beans were only half baked, and the steak was tough, and the liver was underdone, and the corn cake tasted of kerosene of the oil stove. We are glad he was silent.

President Roosevelt has decided to have his mail directed to the "White House," instead of to the "Executive Mansion." That's right. The building is a "house," and it hardly deserves the name of "mansion." There are private residences in this country far more costly and more pretentious. When will the government build a suitable one for its president?

MRS. McBRIDE'S WORK.

In the October number of the Patriotic Review, the editor writes interestingly of the work of Miss Marion A. McBride, of the New England Woman's Press association, who has been engaged during the summer in arousing a sentiment in favor of re-naming Vine street, Arlington, in honor of Paul Revere, who rode through it in the famous alarm. A petition was circulated and readily signed by representative taxpayers. It bears also the name of Cyrus Dallin, the sculptor of the equestrian statue of Revere.

"Vine street is a most picturesque bit of road," writes Mrs. McBride. "It leaves the electric car line on Massachusetts avenue at the foot of the rocks, and sweeps over the lower part of Arlington Heights hill, past the Congregational church, then skirts the base of the cliff and runs into Massachusetts avenue where one takes the car for Lexington and Concord."

About 100 years ago this old road was left by the wayside as it were, and the new road, now Massachusetts avenue, was built. This road did nothing to change the route to Lexington and Concord except to straighten the line of Vine at the point where the old road took a sudden turn toward the hill. This short distance between Massachusetts avenue and the old milestone was called Appleton street, in honor of an old resident whose property at the top of the hill was a landmark, and called Circle hill from the pine circle of stately trees which could be seen for miles across country. This property is in the same family today—the old aristocratic Pierce family.

In the change of name, this short length will, of necessity, be returned to the old road to which it belongs and called "Paul Revere road." The old milestone still stands at the junction of Vine and Appleton streets, and bears the figure '8,' meaning eight miles from Boston.

Vine street was given its name from the fact that after the new road was built this old one was neglected and the vines attained immense proportions, and clinging to the majestic old elm, made a tangle of wildwood beauty. Today the elms are rare, graceful and silent guardians of the past. To Paul Revere and his fearlessnes we owe much, and by preserving the landmarks teach those who follow that this country has high ideals, that she does not forget her brave friends and defenders."

Mrs. McBride has a personal interest in the new name, from the fact that two of her ancestors, Solomon Snow and Jonathan Warner, responded to the Lexington alarm, and marched from Hampshire county to the defense of the country.

The "Heathen Chinee" still continues to be "childlike and bland."—Boston Traveler.

And with the usual "four aces" up his sleeve.

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AN EAST SIDE DANCE.

PEN PICTURE OF ONE OF THE UNIQUE FUNCTIONS OF NEW YORK.

The Grand March a Very Serious Affair—Waltzers Resemble Horizontal Windmills—A Continuous Stag Reception at the Bar.

With the approach of cold weather and the closing of the Coney Island resorts east side dance resorts to the giving of balls. Then in nearly every east side saloon the walls are decorated with placards announcing that the "Merry Monarchs" or some other popular organization "will give their annual ball at So-and-so's hall on the night of —. Tickets admitting gent and lady, \$1."

A ball on the east side is a serious affair, especially to the floor committee. It is their annual appearance in full evening dress, and the occasion is a grave, even a trying, one. Besides, they have large and ornate badges of office to wear.

At 10 o'clock in the evening the ball-room presents itself a wide, shiny space hedged with gaudy chairs, the balconies which look upon it dressed with greens, paper sunbursts and flags, with probably a crayon portrait of the founder or patron of the association beaming its length from a bower of smilax. On a platform at one end is a cluster of music stands and perhaps a fat man or two tentatively extracting tones from a 'cello or French horn. In the rear of the chair rows on one side tables closely arranged extend into dimness, a patch of them in strong light form an alcove which incloses a bar without end. Glasses are being noisily stacked upon it.

Singly, by twos and in groups the guests of the ball arrive. A tall girl in a dress too short before appears on the edge of the floor, gazes shyly around and then vanishes. Three youths in black "cutaway coats" and white satin cravats, with flat, wet hair, parade past the chairs. One of them pushes another abruptly against a pillar.

"What's the matter wit' you?" demands the victim querulously, and then the three seat themselves at a table and make fun of a waiter. Girls of all ages in corsets drift down the alley behind the chairs. Their costumes are striking and collectively a discord in color. A stout woman puffs along towing a pair of curious youngsters and followed by dutiful daughters. She reaches one of the tables and there goes into camp, issuing rations of pretzels and a single glass of beer. A steady stream flows through the door and is dammed up at the edge of the floor, which appears to be forbidden ground. Slowly they trickle off in pairs down the sides of the room, and dots and dashes of people close up the chair line. Floor committees appear, all hurrying, with pale, anxious faces. A slow waltz starts, heard faintly at first, then loud and persuasive. A couple begin to twirl in a corner, two braver spin into the center of the floor; others join them. Soon the room is twirling, and the ball is begun.

The waltz on the east side is unique. It consists mainly in spinning around in one spot, and progress is slow. Sometimes a curious lunge is introduced to the waltz measure to facilitate change of spinning ground, and occasionally there appear a couple who can go all round the room in a succession of whirls. But this is not the orthodox way. The whole movement on the floor is rotary. There is no blending of motion, and the impression is that of a multitude of horizontal windmills all going at the same time.

When the waltz ceases, the dancers move in a solid mass toward the tables. Frothing beer glasses coat the bar, and there is a flying of white coated waiters. Two or three more dance tunes are played, and then begins a significant gathering of the committeemen at the end of the room. They are mingling with a group of women gowned gorgeously in white and colors, while around them collects a watchful crowd. Gradually the group which is the center of attention forms into a huddled line of couples, and the man in the front rank looks back often. Then with a crash the band launches into a march, the line steps out sedately, uncoupling from the crowd, and the "grand march" is on. This is a very serious ceremony and is performed with religious care to the conclusion of the last evolution.

When the march is over, there is sometimes a speech by the president of the association heard by a respectful ring, but ignored by the crowd, which is now jostling, running and swarming over the floor and about the tables. Girls gather and giggle by the pillars and are teased by the boys, who push about in noisy companies. Children race and sprawl. Stout mothers banked against the walls alternately laugh and fret over defiance of their authority. Everywhere is the waiter with dripping beer glasses ringed about his fists. In the barroom there is a continuous stag reception. A couple of stout politicians with flushed faces are holding a levee, and young men with political aspirations surround them, buy beer for them and listen respectfully to their utterances. Smoking is permitted everywhere, and by midnight the lights are mere luminous balls in the haze.

The ball is still gayly going forward at 3 o'clock, but by 4 only a few couples are appearing on the floor, though many are still seated at the tables. The floor committee, with their badges folded away in their pockets and their shirt fronts soiled and broken, have stolen away at an hour becoming to their dignity. Some of the lights go out, and the waiters bring fresh rounds of beer reluctantly. The band has packed up its instruments and is now lined along the bar resting from its labors. A popular song is started, and the chorus is vigorous. A second song receives less ardent support. An unsteady youth attempts a cakewalk on the floor. Then a large man with a forbidding countenance orders all the lights out, and the ball is over.—New York Post.

Peter's Pence.
Offa, a Saxon prince, to secure the favor of the sovereign pontiff, engaged to pay yearly tribute to the treasurer of the Vatican. In order to raise the promised sum Offa was forced to impose a tax of 1 penny on each household whose annual income was as much as 80 pence. This imposition being afterward levied on all England was commonly denominated as "Peter's pence." Hence the expression.

In Illinois wages not yet earned cannot be assigned. Courts hold that such assignment would be illegal and void.

Our greatest glory is not in never failing, but rising every time we fall.—Confucius.

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Geo. D. Moore, president; R. Walter Hillard, secretary; W. A. Peirce, treasurer. Meets in banking rooms of First National bank, first Tuesday in each month, at 7.30 p.m. Money offered at auction at 8.30.

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Bank building, corner Massachusetts avenue and Pleasant street. William G. Peck, president; H. Blasdale, secretary and treasurer. Open daily from 3 to 5.30 p.m.; Wednesday and Saturday evenings from 7 to 9.

ARLINGTON BOAT CLUB.

Meets first Monday in each month at clubhouse on margin of Spy pond. Admission fee, 20; annual dues, \$15.

ARLINGTON FINANCE CLUB.

Meets by invitation fourth Tuesday in each month.

FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS.

Hiram Lodge. Meets in Masonic hall, corner Massachusetts avenue and Medford street, Thursday on or before the full moon.

Menotomy Royal Arch Chapter. Meets third Tuesday of each month in Masonic hall.

INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODD FELLOWS.

Bethel Lodge, No. 12. Meets first and third Monday evenings of each month in Bethel lodge room.

ANCIENT ORDER OF UNITED WORKMEN.

Circle Lodge, No. 77. Meets first and third Fridays of each month in Grand Army hall, Massachusetts avenue, at 8 p.m.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS.

No. 109. Meets second and fourth Thursdays of each month in K. of C. hall, over Shattuck's store.

ROYAL ARCANUM.

Menotomy Council, No. 1781. Meets first and third Tuesdays of each month in Grand Army hall, 370 Massachusetts avenue, at 8 p.m.

UNITED ORDER INDEPENDENT ODD LADIES.

Golden Rule Lodge, No. 51. Meets in G. A. R. hall, the second and fourth Tuesday evenings in each month.

GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.

Francis Gould Post, No. 36. Meets in G. A. R. hall, Massachusetts avenue, second and fourth Thursdays of each month, at 8 o'clock p.m.

Women's Relief Corps, No. 43. Meets in G. A. R. hall, Massachusetts avenue, second and fourth Thursday afternoons of each month, at 2 o'clock.

SONS OF VETERANS.

Camp 45. Meets in G. A. R. hall, on the third Wednesday of each month, at 8 o'clock p.m.

WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION.

Meets in St. John's Parish house, Maple street, second and fourth Tuesdays of each month.

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

Division 23. Meets in Hibernian hall, corner Mystic and Chestnut streets, first and third Thursdays of each month, at 7.30 p.m.

Division 43. Meets first Tuesday in each month, at K. of C. hall.

FORESTERS OF AMERICA.

Court Pride of Arlington. Meets in K. of C. hall, the first and third Mondays of each month.

MASSACHUSETTS CATHOLIC ORDER OF FORESTERS.

St. Malachi Court. Meets at Hibernian hall first and third Thursdays.

ROBBINS PUBLIC LIBRARY.

Building is open to the public as follows: Sundays, 2.30 to 5.30 p.m.; Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 12 a.m., 1 to 6 and 7 to 9 p.m.; book room, 1 to 6 p.m.; Wednesdays, 10 to 12 a.m., 1 to 9 p.m.; book room, 1 to 9 p.m.; Saturdays, 10 to 12 a.m., 1 to 9 p.m.; book room, 1 to 9 p.m.; during the month of August.

Arlington Heights Branch. Open Tuesdays and Saturdays from 1 to 6; 7 to 9 p.m.; Thursdays, 3 to 6, 7 to 9 p.m.

TOWN OFFICERS.

Selectmen meet at their office in town hall on the last Monday evening of each month, for approval of bills. Regular meetings each Saturday evening.

Town clerk and treasurer, office hours, 9 a.m. to 12 m.; 2 to 5 p.m.; also Mondays, 7 to 9 p.m.; Saturdays, 9 a.m. to 12 m. only.

Board of health, on call of chairman. Board of fire, on call of chairman, Saturday before last Monday, each month.

School committee, third Tuesday evening, monthly.

Sewer commissioners, on call of chairman.

Trustees of cemetery, on call of chairman.

Water commissioners, first Saturday in each month.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

Hose No. 1, on Park avenue; Hose No. 2, on Massachusetts avenue; Menotomy hook and ladder; Hose No. 3, on Broadway; Brackett chemical; Eagle hose, Henderson street.

ARLINGTON FIRST PARISH.

(Unitarian.) Corner Massachusetts avenue and Pleasant street. Rev. Frederic Gill, pastor. Boards with Mrs. J. C. Harris, 23 Academy street. Sunday morning preaching service at 10.45; Sunday school at noon, except July and August.

ARLINGTON BAPTIST CHURCH.

Services on Sunday in Grand Army hall, Massachusetts avenue, Rev. Charles H. Watson, D. D., minister. Residence, 28 Academy street. Sunday service at 10.45 a.m.; Sunday school at noon; Y. P. S. C. E. meeting at 6.15 p.m.; evening church service at 7.15 o'clock.

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS BAPTIST CHURCH.

Cor. of Westminster and Park Avenues. Sunday services: morning worship and sermon, 10.45 a.m.; Sunday school, 12 m.; evening service, with short talk, 7 p.m. Weekly prayer meeting, Friday eve., 7.45 p.m.

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Services in Union hall. Sunday school, 11 a.m.; Epworth league, 6.30; preaching, 7 p.m.; prayer meeting every Wednesday at 7.30 p.m. Rev. Walter Grant Smith, pastor.

ORTHODOX CONGREGATIONAL.

Corner Pleasant and Maple streets. Rev. Samuel M. Bushnell, pastor; residence, on Maple street, opposite the church. Sunday services at 10.45 a.m.; Y. P. S. C. E. at 6.30 p.m.; Sunday school at noon, except during July and August. Friday evenings, at 7.30, social service in vestry.

FIRST UNIVERSALIST.

Massachusetts avenue, opposite Academy street. Rev. Henry Fay Plater, pastor. Gray street, Sunday school in the morning at 10.45; Sunday service at 10.45 a.m.; Sunday school at noon; Y. P. S. C. E. meeting at 6.15 p.m.; evening church service at 7.15 o'clock.

ST. JOHN'S EPISCOPAL.

Corner Academy and Maple streets. Rev. James Iames, Sunday services at 10.45 a.m.; Sunday school at noon, except during July and August. Friday evenings, at 7.30, social service in vestry.

PARK AVENUE CHURCH.

BELMONT AND WAVERLEY CHURCHES, SOCIETIES, ETC.

FIRST PARISH CHURCH, Belmont.
Rev. Hilary Bygrave, pastor. Morning service, 10:45. Sunday school, 12 m.
PLYMOUTH CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, Belmont.
Rev. Elbridge C. Whiting, pastor. Morning service, 10:30 o'clock; Sunday school, 12 m.; evening praise, 7; weekly prayer meeting, Tuesday, 7:45 p.m.
ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH, Belmont.
Morning services at 8:30 and 10 o'clock; Sunday school, 3:30; vespers, 7:30.
ALL SAINTS' CHURCH, (Episcopal), Belmont.
Sunday school, 10 a.m.; morning service, 11; Reginald H. Coe in charge of parish.

WAVERLEY UNITARIAN SOCIETY.
Rev. C. H. Allen, pastor. Services every Sunday morning, 10:45; Sunday school, 12 m.; Young People's Religious union, first and third Sunday each month, 7 p.m. All invited.
WAVERLEY BAPTIST SOCIETY.
Rev. H. S. Smith, pastor. Services in Waverley hall; Sunday school, 2:45 p.m.; preaching service, 7:45 p.m.; prayer meeting, Thursday evening, 7:30.
CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, Waverley.
Rev. Geo. P. Gilman, pastor. Morning service, 10:45; Sunday school, 12 m.; Young People's Society, Christian Endeavor, 6:15 p.m.; evening service, 7:15; prayer meeting, Friday evening, 7:30.

ROYAL ARCANUM.
Waverley Council, No. 313.
Meets in Lodge hall, Waverley, second and fourth Tuesday evenings each month.
INDEPENDENT ORDER ODD FELLOWS.
Trapelo Lodge, No. 238.
Meets in Lodge hall, Waverley, every Monday evening.
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Chambers, Robert W. Cardigan C356C
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14. Cor. Common and North Sts.
15. Cor. Common and Washington Sts.
16. Belmont St. cor. Oxford.
17. Cor. School and Washington Sts.
18. Grove St.
19. Town Farm.
20. Waverley St.
21. Cor. Lexington and Beech Sts.
22. Cor. Church and North Sts.
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WEARINESS.

O little feet that such long years
Must wander on through hopes and fears,
Must ache and bleed beneath your load,
I, nearer to the wayside inn
Where toil shall cease and rest begin,
Am weary thinking of your load!

O little hands, that weak or strong
Have still to serve or rule so long,
Have still so long to give or ask;
I, who so much with book and pen
Have toiled among my fellow men,
Am weary thinking of your task!

O little hearts that throb and beat
With such impatient, feverish heat,
Such limitless and strong desires;
Mine, that so long has glowed and burned
With passions into ashes turned,
Now covers and conceals its fires!

O little souls, as pure and white
And crystalline as rays of light
Direct from heaven, their source divine,
Refracted through the mist of years,
How red my setting sun appears,
How lurid looks this soul of mine!
—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

A QUEER COURTSHIP.

Tall? Yes, very. She stood a head above the average man.
Slight? No. That is too poetical a word to be in any way applied to the heroine of this little tale, whose lean, scrawny figure looked for all the world like a series of badly connected angles and whose stooping shoulders and narrow chest were clad in a faded black jacket.

This garment, with its rusty surface and pulled seams, suited well the sad looking woman into whose dreary life came one little bit of color, which I shall try to describe.

Her face corresponded well with the rest of her appearance, for it was faded and worn and surrounded by a fringe of straight, dusty brown hair pulled tightly back from the forehead, weary face, whose one redeeming feature was the eyes—dark gray and oh, so sad!

She had that expression of wistful waiting sometimes seen in the eyes of a faithful dog who has lost its master and seems ever to wait always patiently and to watch ever expectantly for the beloved face.

She was a Norwegian, named Etta, and lived in our family as cook for nearly a year.

Weeks passed by and early autumn, which had brought her to us, shed leafy tints and departed suddenly, leaving us all unprepared for winter's advent, which announced itself in a cold, dismal rain.

Up to this time Etta had never received a letter or any communication from the outside world. She never left the house and scorned the idea of an afternoon out. However, on this grizzly day there was a surprise, a great surprise, for Etta was discovered holding an open letter tightly grasped in one hand. But when she found herself regarded it was hastily thrust into a voluminous pocket in her skirt.

Now, this pocket was a marvel in itself, as it could hold myriads of things. Why, one day I saw her produce a pillowcase, a workbox, scissors and brass tumbler at one fell swoop; at another time—but I am wandering far away from the letter and its consequences.

The mysterious epistle was seen several times again, and these glimpses showed it to be worn and rumpled with much reading. No doubt it would have been read and reread out of existence had not another, fresh and clean, replaced the first.

This I took from the postman and so had a chance to see the uneven, characterless writing, the Christiania postmark and Norwegian stamp. It was followed a week later by another, then another.

I became interested, for I felt I was on the track of a real live romance.

The pale, tired face seemed to grow brighter in those days, and for the first time Etta made frequent trips to the city, returning laden with bundles of every size and description. All her spare time was now employed in sewing. Calicoes and prints were made and laid aside. For some reason or other Etta was replenishing her clean but scant and somewhat dilapidated wardrobe.

Another link in the chain, thought I, and began to imagine the arrival of a stalwart Norwegian lover left in Norway two years before, when she had come to try her fortune in America.

Letters came more frequently, and Etta grew correspondingly brighter and cheerier—she even seemed to try to hold herself more erectly, for often the bent shoulders were suddenly straightened as she went about her work. Her voice, formerly so tired and hopeless, took on a more cheerful tone.

Not the least remarkable of Etta's peculiarities was her manner of speaking. Slowly and lispingly came the broken English, which was at first so hard to understand. Such a sad mixture of her mother tongue and this new, strange language, such verbal complications and misplaced plurals, were never heard before.

About this time I mentioned my romantic notions to my mother, but she only laughed, being entirely unable to connect Etta's sad appearance with a lover, Norwegian or of any other land. She called me a romancer, but I still felt sure I was right.

Soon after I expected came the chance to vindicate myself, for the next day as I sat idly by the window watching the passersby my attention was attracted by a queer little figure way down the street which came on toward the house at a rattling pace, gayly swinging a huge cane and puffing vigorously at a mammoth cigar. At a distance it was impossible to tell whether he was a boy or man, such a comical little figure he was, dressed in a snuff colored suit, with a rose in his buttonhole and the tiniest derby imaginable tilted over one ear.

Gazing laughingly at him, I was just telling my mother to look at that absurd little creature when what was our surprise to see Etta, the staid, quiet, dash wildly across the lawn, rush wildly to the gate and, throwing her arms about the little fellow's neck, kiss him first on one cheek and then on the other. The man, after a few quiet but earnest struggles, managed to free himself from her long, thin arms and looked up into her face, so high above him, with pleasant surprise, but without a trace of love-like ardor.

On closer inspection it proved to be such a funny, rosy, childish face that it was impossible to look at it without laughing. Etta seemed to find it so, for, smiling happily, she escorted him back to the house, her long arm linked in his.

short one, almost lifting him from the ground at every step, and presently we heard the low monotone of their voices in the kitchen below.

Not the least queer thing about this queerest of queer men was a yellow shock of hair plastered down in carefully arranged scallops all around his chubby face. I suppose it never occurred to him that the back of his head was ever seen, for there the hair stood straight out in bristly points.

Soon Etta appeared and, blushing and hesitating, said, "My cousin had come from Christiania."

That was all, but my theory was proved, and I made use of that timeworn and aggravating phrase, "What did I tell you?"

Days came and went and so did the little Norwegian, but nothing was said of an approaching marriage. Parcels poured in upon us, and Etta sewed steadily on. Each afternoon Auguste (we learned his name) appeared, apparently propelled by the regular motion of his cane. Somehow he always appeared like a piece of machinery, for his appearance never changed—always the snuff colored suit, the little hat and the buttonhole bouquet. And he seemed to go and come mechanically, enveloped in a cloud of smoke puffed from the big cigar.

Etta owned one thing strangely out of keeping with her other possessions. It was a large gold watch attached to an old fashioned chain from which dangled two or three odd foreign looking charms of fine workmanship. She was very fond of it, as it had belonged to her mother, and wore it always, till at last it seemed almost a part of herself. Seeing her without it one day I exclaimed immediately, as I thought she must have lost it.

She waited a moment before replying and then said slowly, "I had lend it to my cousin."

She then told me that Auguste was a barber by trade and had come to America with money she had sent him for the trip.

After the disappearance of the watch Auguste came less frequently and as time went on seldom appeared oftener than once a week. There was no more sewing, and Etta began to look more as of old. Little by little the happy light faded from her face and the gray eyes became sadder by contrast perhaps than before.

A time came when weeks passed without a sign of the little Norwegian, but one day a letter arrived for Etta in the same crooked writing. Some time later in the day, going into the kitchen, I found Etta leaning on the table, the letter crumpled in her clenched hands and her face buried in her arms.

I touched her gently on the shoulder, but got no other response than the low, stifled sobs which shook the poor, thin body from head to foot. At last she raised her sorrow stricken face and lifting her eyes to mine, said slowly, with her lips quivering: "I have to go away. I have sorrow, great sorrow."

She would tell but little of her story. She was to have married her cousin in a few weeks' time, but he had died of her, and that day a letter had come from him, first begging her to forgive him and then telling her that he had sold her treasured watch and by the time she got that letter would have sailed on a vessel bound for Norway.

"Shall you, too, go home?" I said. Slowly and sadly came the answer, "No," and I felt that with the utterance of that little word she gave up all hope and renounced forever all thought of the happiness she had been picturing for herself the last few months as she sat sewing steadily, only pausing now and then, with a little flush in her pale cheeks, to softly steal a hand into her pocket and touch the letters she always carried there.

Next morning Etta could not be found. In a corner of her room stood a little hair trunk labeled with a Norwegian address and filled with the garments so recently finished. It was corded up and sent to Christiania. It may have reached its destination or it may not. Its fate is as uncertain as Etta's own. The poor woman, tired, disappointed and hopeless, had vanished that night, taking with her little else than her sad thoughts.

I often picture her with her stooping shoulders and pallid, tear stained face, every vestige of love and hope gone out, wandering away into the night and gazing up at the stars, so serene and far away as she murmurs, "Forsaken, forsaken!"

Rules For Writers.
The following rules Sir Walter Besant drew up for his own guidance:
Practice writing some original thing every day.
Cultivate the habit of observation.
Work regularly at certain hours.
Read no rubbish.
Aim at the formation of style.
Endeavor to be dramatic.
A great element of dramatic skill is selection.
Avoid the sin of writing about a character.
Never attempt to describe any kind of life except that with which you are familiar.
Learn as much as you can about men and women.
For the sake of forming a good natural style and acquiring command of language, write poetry.

Joins You Can't Carve.
One of the most lucrative trades on the continent of Europe is that of the "dummy" maker. There is hardly a town of any size that does not boast at least half a dozen representatives of this calling. Not long since a London police court case revealed the fact that the huge chores to be seen in provision shops are seldom real, but it is doubtful whether the deception extends much further.

On the continent all the cheaper butchers make a brave show in artificial joints, because they find that succulent sirloins, shapely legs and elegant shoulders greatly stimulate trade. As a rule the trade in dummy joints is worked on the hire system, the artist calling for his imitations on Monday in order that his pristine freshness may be restored, returning them on Wednesday or Thursday.—London Telegraph.

You Can Be Replaced.
An undue appreciation of one's own importance is as disastrous in its results as utter lack of self esteem. It is really evidence of a narrow mind and ignorance of general conditions, for the man who is up to the times, thoroughly posted in regard to the worldwide trend of the twentieth century, will realize that there are very few people in the world, no matter what their talents or ability, who cannot be replaced. It is a very rare character, indeed, that is imperatively necessary, and the man who actually reaches this point does not brag of it or act as if he considered himself "indispensable."—Success.

MOVING MOUNTAINS.

These Great Bodies Are Constantly Slipping and Sliding.

"The mountains are constantly moving," was the remark of an officer of the Denver and Rio Grande road recently in speaking of the great land slides in the canyon above Glenwood Springs, Colo.

"We find from actual experience in maintaining tunnels, bridges and tracks in the mountains that the mountains are moving. It costs a railway passing through the mountains a great deal of money in the course of ten years to keep the tracks in line, and maintenance of tunnels is even more expensive. Drive a stake on the side of a mountain, take the location with the greatest care and return after a few months. The stake is not in the same location. The whole side of the mountain has moved. This experiment has often been tried, and in all cases the result proves that the mountains are moving. The mountains are gradually seeking the level of the sea."

While we do not quite agree with the last assertion that "the mountains are seeking sea level" there appears no question that local movements are in progress in the Rockies, and the observations of the railroad surveyor are confirmed by those experienced in some of the mines.

In quite a number of mines located on fissure veins or between highly tilted strata or in the vicinity of great faults movements have been for a long time observed and sometimes of so pronounced a nature that timbers after a few years are found so out of place as to require a complete new timbering of portions of a mine, and these movements do not seem to be the result, as in coal mines, of a creeping from excavation of material, but actual slipping or faulting movements of the mountain itself along certain lines, especially old fault planes and veins, the latter generally occupying fissures along fault lines.

A notable instance is in the mines of Smuggler mountain at Aspen, Colo., where in some of the deep workings timbers two feet thick and eight to ten feet long placed across the stopes are snapped in two like reeds and their ends broomed up by the overwhelming pressure and slipping movement of the walls. The ore bodies lie between strata almost vertically uplifted against a granite mountain or wall and abound in faults and slipping planes. These movements are not the result of excavation of the ore, but appear to come from a general movement of the hills slipping or faulting off from the granite wall.—Mines and Minerals.

SIMPLE SALVE.

For neuralgia apply hot, dry flannels, as hot as can be borne.
Hemorrhages of lungs or stomach may be checked by small doses of salt and perfect quiet.

Nervous spasms are usually controlled by a little salt taken into the mouth and allowed to dissolve.
It is said that small pieces of ice applied suddenly, so as to surprise the patient, will stop persistent hiccoughing.

For stomach worms in a child mix one teaspoonful of powdered sage in two tablespoonfuls of molasses and give a teaspoonful every morning.

A sprain should be treated at once to an application of water as hot as can be borne. This may be showered upon it or cloths wrung out of hot water applied frequently.

For poison by poison oak or ivy take a handful of quicklime, dissolve in water, then paint the poisoned part with it. Two or three applications ordinarily will cure the most stubborn cases.

The Cleansing Ball.

The following is an excellent cleansing ball to prepare for use on clothes and woolen fabrics generally, says What to Eat:
Dissolve a bit of white soap the size of an egg in enough alcohol to cover it. Mix in the yolks of three eggs and a tablespoonful of oil of turpentine. Work in fuller's earth until it becomes stiff enough to form into balls and let them dry. When you wish to remove a stain, moisten the fabric with a little water, rub the ball well in, let it dry and brush off the powder.

There are three classes of stains these balls cannot remove—ink, iron rust and fruit stains. For ink, pour over milk, and as it becomes discolored absorb it with blotting paper. Then wash out well with tepid water and castile soap. If on white goods, lemon juice and common salt, often renewed and placed in the sun, are most efficient.

Felicia Dorothea Hemans.
When Felicia Dorothea Hemans was a little girl only thirteen years old, she had a volume of poems ready for publication. And very, very excellent poems they were, too, noble of thought and sweetly reverent. When she was nineteen years old, she married a military commander whose health had been shattered by the vicissitudes of camp life. He was irritable and trying, but this little girl, with her soul full of poetry and all the pure, lovely thought that came to a good woman, went her unhappy way with courage and fortitude, writing verses that will live as a distinct part of English literature. What could be sweeter than her way of describing mother love?

There is none
In all this cold and hollow world, no fount
Of deep, strong, deathless love, save that within
A mother's heart.

A Needle Threader.

A machine which threads 1,000 needles a minute is at work in St. Gall, Switzerland. The purpose of the machine is to thread needles that are placed afterward in an embroidery loom for making Swiss or Hamburg lace. The device is almost automatic. It takes the needle from a hopper, carries it along and threads, ties the knot, cuts the thread off a uniform length, then carries the needle across an open space and sticks it in a rack. The work of threading these needles was formerly done by hand.

What Causes a Heavy Brain.

It is stated by an authority that the weight of a man's brain has nothing to do with his mental power. It is a question of climate, not of intellect. The colder the climate, the greater the size of the brain. The largest heads of all are those of the Chugatsches, who live very far north, and next come the heads of the Lapps.

A Question of Knowing.

"Ah, professor," exclaimed the conceited young man condescendingly, "I wish I knew as much as you do."
"You would know more than I," replied the shrewd professor, who understood this young man, "if you only knew as much as you think you know."—Catholic Standard and Times.

ADVENTURE WITH A MOOSE.

The Big Animal Displayed Both Cunning and Carefulness.

One day when Henry had gone on a solitary cruise to look out a new trail somewhere Albert, the cook, went with me canoeing. We floated quietly along, and presently I heard the splashing of some large animal walking slowly through the slush close to the shore, says Frederic Irland in Scribner's Magazine.

Watching an opening in the evergreen growth, I saw the shape of a large bull moose, with his new antlers already grown a foot or more. I saw he would come out at the head of a little bog not far away.

We paddled as far as possible to the nearest point, and, jumping on the ice, I went ashore with the ever present camera. In front of me was a little hillock covered with scattering spruces. From the top of this the ground fell to an open barren, but along the water's edge the growth was thick. The moose was not in sight, and I stood a couple of minutes watching for him to cross the open in front, hoping to make a picture.

The snow on the land side of the hillock was drifted very deep. The footing seemed fairly secure, and I walked along the edge of the drift toward the bushes, where I knew the moose must be. Without preliminaries the snow gave way, and I was foundering in the soft mass. Then it was that, looking over my right shoulder, I beheld at my side the great, motionless moose, with ears thrown forward, nostrils distended and eyes solemnly bulging, a black statue of dignified curiosity.

Even in my momentary panic I could not help noticing how cunningly he kept a bush between himself and me. This habit of the moose is one thing which makes him so hard to photograph. But I was chiefly concerned then to get out of that soft snow. Had the moose known it he had a fine chance to avenge some of his brothers whom I had slain in former years. Two jumps would have put him on me. But he only pulled his gray muzzle back into the bushes, faced about and stole away without making a sound.

I took the camera to the canoe and shook the snow out of the bellows. Then Albert and I went to look at the tracks, and we saw that the moose had not run, but carefully placed each foot where the walking was best and so taken himself away without turmoil.

NAPOLEONISMS.

I made a great blunder in not erasing Prussia from the map of Europe.
After my fall the voice of fortune bade me die; honor compelled me to live.
I hate illusions. That is why the world meant for me always the fact and not the right.

There is no future for me except when I shall be no more. Calumny can reach me only so long as I live.
I have been compared to many celebrated men, both modern and ancient; in point of fact, I resemble none.

When I had done with the revolution, I made public opinion, and succeeded, to the intense astonishment of the revolutionists.
Had I wished to be merely chief of the revolution my part would have soon been played. I became its master because I had a sword.

I have been extravagantly praised, like all sovereigns who achieve extraordinary feats, but I always knew what my intrinsic value was.

The word "liberal" that has so much charm for ears of ideologues has been invented by myself. If I am a usurper, they are plagiarists.

From the moment I became chief of the government I looked to myself for advice and did well. My mistakes date from the moment I began to listen to advisers.

I have three great days in my life—Mageno, Austerlitz and Jena—unless I would add as fourth that on which I gave audience to the emperor of Austria in a ditch.

Kings never lack cavaliers about them. I never allowed criticisms. You ask a physician to cure a fever, not to satirize it. Have you remedies? Administer them! You have not? Hold your tongue.

Europe copies my laws; my institutions are imitated, my works bought; one apes my politics, and even the tone of my court. My government has not, then, been as absurd and as bad as was given out.—From "Maximes et Pensées du Prisonier de Ste. Helene."

The Indispensable Man.

Some of the most successful business men in this country make it a rule to dispense with the services of any man in their employ, no matter how important his position may be, as soon as he comes to regard himself as "indispensable."

This may seem harsh and even unbusinesslike, but if we look into it we shall find that there is wisdom in this practice. Experience proves that the moment a man looks upon himself as absolutely necessary he usually ceases to exercise to the fullest extent the faculties which have helped him to rise to that indispensable point. He becomes arrogant and dictatorial, and his influence in an organization is bound to be more or less demoralizing. Many concerns have been seriously embarrassed by the conduct of managers, superintendents or heads of departments after they had reached positions where they thought no one else could take their places.—Success.

A Potent Plea.

"Huggins is your name, eh?" said the magistrate to the defendant, who was a trifle deaf. "Married or single?"
"Married," replied the defendant in a low voice.
"H'm! What's your excuse for being drunk? Speak louder."
"I say I'm married," the defendant shouted this time.

"Ah! That's sufficient excuse. I'm married myself. Discharged!"—Philadelphia Record.

A Drunken Man's Bonnet.

Once when Sir Horace St. Paul was at college he found a man lying drunk in the quadrangle and tried to make him get up.
"You're drunk," he said; "you don't even know who I am." "Yes, I know very well who you are," said the man. "You're the fellow that wrote an epistle to Timothy and never got an answer." This is often quoted as one of the naturally clever retorts of drunken men.

A curious custom prevails in Korea. If a man meets his wife in the street, he ignores her presence and passes her as if she were a stranger.

When a man flatters himself he knows a woman, he flatters himself.

HINDOO'S MONUMENT TO HIS WIFE.

The Most Costly Thing of Its Kind in the World.

To go to India and not see the wonderful Taj Mahal at Agra would be as great a sacrilege as going to Egypt and missing the pyramids. Agra is a small place about midway on a line drawn from Calcutta to Bombay. The English officers who have to spend the summer there lie in bed all day, with coolies to fan them and pull the "punka." Therefore I was constrained to do my sightseeing at night. It was the time of the full moon, which in India means a grand illumination, a light excellent by which to read.

After a three mile drive over an excellent macadamized road my "gharri-wallah" turned into a large courtyard, which was surrounded with temples built of red sandstone. These temples would be first class wonders anywhere else, but, anxious to see the "pearl of the orient" I started up the steps and through the great red doorway, only to stop in amazement at the inner doorway at my first view of the Taj Mahal. The moonlight struck full on its pearly dome and threw out a silent relief the slim minarets at its corners. In front was the water in the score of fountains giving forth its own reflections of the beautiful marble masterpiece, and all around the somber, dense tropical foliage for a setting.

The harmony of the proportions makes the Taj Mahal look small. Yet it took 20,000 workmen twenty years to complete it, and it cost about \$10,000,000. Standing in its superb doorway I found it would take seven men placed one upon the other to reach the top of this doorway. There are no windows—only marvelous screens cut in the forms of intertwining vines and flowers and out of immense marble slabs. Even in the center, where the great sarcophagi lie in which the builder and his wife are resting, the decorations are of marble inlaid with precious stones. The inscriptions are of black marble inlaid on white. And the moonlight obliterated the grain and the seams in the marble with its sheen, and it was as though this monument to a faithful wife was one piece of dazzling whiteness.

Though centuries have passed its perfection is as grand at this time as when first built. Even under the sunlight the next day, when it was not so much a thing ethereal, no signs of decay were apparent. It seems that this tribute to the goodness of a great Indian monarch to his loving wife will stand for ages, telling how one Hindoo had been faithful to his love and had raised her up to a pedestal above him in a country where womankind is but a slave.—Indianapolis News.

STREET SIGNS IN MOSCOW.

Painted Reproductions of the Goods Sold Within the Shops.

There is one custom in St. Petersburg, holding all over Russia, so droll that all foreigners laugh at it. The shopkeepers have huge signs over the miserable peepholes they call windows, and these signs are painted with the reproduction of the wares that are in the shops. This was formerly a great convenience to those who could not read, and even at the present day was not too much ridiculed by myself.

One would get along famously in Russia could he read the jaw breaking tongue, but the letters in some fronts and street corners look like the signs of the zodiac to the average foreigner and do not mean as much. If one could read and form an idea of syllables, the veriest idiot would have a passable knowledge of sufficient traveling Russia in a month. But the language bars you out and bowls you over, because perforce you do not know the fifty-two letters that resemble tripods and crescents and scarfpins and inverted r's and other things. So the signs do very well.

For example, a dairy will have a demonstration on each side of the door, where a cow will stand, flanked by a couple of tubs of butter and leaning against a background of cheeses, while glasses of foaming milk stand temptingly round. I was going to say that a pile of eggs was another feature, but never unless the hen who is responsible for them is portrayed loudly clucking over their freshness. In spite of this, I never ate a fresh egg in St. Petersburg. A fur shop will have a most fascinating array of fur lined garments and sealskin coats painted on its doors that will almost tear you out of your droshky, and the fruit stores riot with every color in the rainbow and exhibit likenesses of fruits that have never grown in Russia or anywhere else. And peaches, by the way, and nectarines of good, sweet growth are about 50 cents apiece here.

The signs lend great color and gaiety to the streets, although

THE ENTERPRISE.

Telephone, Arlington 301-2.

[Entered as Second-Class Matter.]

Saturday, October 19, 1901.

THE ENTERPRISE IS FOR SALE IN LEXINGTON BY:

H. V. Smith, Lexington.
L. A. Austin, P. O., East Lexington.
W. L. Burrill, P. O., North Lexington.

WE CAN SYMPATHIZE.

Potomae poisoning is certainly a very bad and ugly combination when put on paper, but it does not appear one hundredth part as bad as it really is, and the writer is in a position to know, for he was one of the victims of those vicious germs which circulated freely in Lexington, Monday night, at a lodge meeting. If ever there was reason for brotherly love and affection, it certainly has appeared among the fellow sufferers from the ptomaines. All the individuals who suffered from the poison during the past week agree that a lodge goat, a buffalo, donkey or other beasts which perambulate in the secret apartments of the various mysterious fraternities, never caused one half the anguish of mind and body as did the million and a half ptomaines which waited in the stomachs of the afflicted victims. There was no joke in that, either, as anyone of the fraternity will testify. A real good old-fashioned colic would be welcomed, and a solar plexus blow would be a pleasure, if one could be assured that that invisible yet vicious ptomaine would never again return to vex men's souls, or more particularly their stomachs.

While in the past there has been objection and criticism to the gypsy moth commission, it is most certain that should any candidate for public office, whether Democrat, Republican, Socialist or Prohibitionist, publicly state he was in favor of a ptomaine commission, that man would be elected if the vote of Lexington could do it. The dictionary says a ptomaine is "One of a class of animal bases or alkaloids formed in the putrefaction of various kinds of albuminous matter and closely related to the vegetable alkaloids; a cadaveric poison. The ptomaines as a class have their origin in dead matter by which they are to be distinguished from the leucomaines." The dictionary does not tell it all. It is as well that it does not. For if it did any person who was supposed to have them would die of fright even though he might survive the experience. The writer has never examined a ptomaine under the magnifying glass, but from what he now knows and from what others have confided to him, he feels free to state they have legs and teeth on all sides, have claws on their feet and spikes on their knees, stinkies in their hair, pitchforks in their hands, and are very active.

What's the matter with our fire whistle? It surely ought to be in working order—it has exercise enough.

R. W. Holbrook,

Dealer in



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IVORY Flour a Specialty.

BRICK STORE,
Massachusetts Avenue,
EAST LEXINGTON.

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Fire Association of Philadelphia, Estab. 1817
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Office, Sherburne's Block, Lexington.

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FOR LADIES.

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Near Town Hall, LEXINGTON.

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Sales of Real Estate and Personal Property made anywhere in the state. Household Furniture bought or money advanced upon it. Parties wishing to dispose of any kind of property or have any property appraised in settling estates or otherwise can have me call and see them free of charge by sending me a postal card.
Boston Office, 113 Devonshire Street. Telephone 1509 Main.
Residence, Hunt Block, Lexington.

You can have your Bicycle Cleaned and Repaired;
Your Tires Plugged and Vulcanized;
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LEXINGTON LOCALS.

The Lexington high school golf team is practicing very faithfully this fall, in hopes of keeping up the fine record which it made last season.

Lexington council, Knights of Columbus, will hold its annual ball in town hall, the evening of Oct. 20.

Edward C. Stone, moderator of the recent town meeting in accordance with a vote passed at that time has appointed A. C. Washburn and C. W. Swan as additional members on the high school building committee. The members of the committee now are: Edwin A. Bayley, Robert P. Clapp, Henry W. Lewis, Roger L. Sherman, H. A. C. Woodward, A. C. Washburn and C. W. Swan.

The annual Alaska missionary meeting was at Pleasant hall, Tuesday afternoon, beginning at 3 o'clock, under the auspices of the Woman's Baptist Missionary circle. Mrs. Reynolds, of Boston, spoke on the home missionary work in Alaska, and also in New Mexico and Arizona, the latter work being among the people who speak the Spanish language. There were musical selections by Miss Edith Frost, of Lake street, and Miss Mary Burrows, of Charlestown, including solos and duets. The meeting was in charge of the vice-president, Mrs. E. Leonard, in the absence of the president. Refreshments were served. The meeting was the annual one which is for the benefit of a child who is being supported in Alaska by the circle, at the expense of \$50 a year.

The Women's Alliance of the First Unitarian church, Lexington, will hold a rummage sale at Cary hall, October 1, from 10 a.m. to 8 p.m.

William S. Mitchell, of Roxbury, and Miss Mary A. Condon, of Concord, will be married at St. Bridget's church Tuesday.

The directors of "The Fellowship of Charities," who met Wednesday morning to discuss their plans for the coming year, have fully decided upon having a district nurse this winter.

Remember the supper and sociable at the Hancock church, next Wednesday.

Miss Lillian M. Morse is this year attending Miss Brooks' school on Warren street.

The friends of Mrs. Hatch, of Grant street, who has been ill, will be pleased to hear that she is now out of danger, and is slowly improving.

Miss Gertrude Smith is attending the Gleaner school in Cambridge.

Miss Alice Bigelow has accepted a position in Bedford, where she is teaching the fifth and sixth grades of the grammar school.

The soldiers who have been practicing at the rifle range in Munroe's, the past week, have been practicing at the station.

There was a golf match Tuesday, at Wollaston, in which Miss Emily Lockwood represented the Lexington Golf club with a fine score.

Waltham street, which has been in the hands of the superintendent of streets during the past week is now finished and in fine condition for winter.

The Russell house is as popular as ever this fall, being "packed," as one of the guests expresses it.

William Hunt is "getting his money's worth" out of his new automobile, as he goes into Boston almost every day in it.

As only three members of the Tourist club met at Miss Bachelor's, Monday, the meeting was postponed until next Monday, when the club will meet at Mrs. Bayley's, on Oakland street.

The first of the Carbone lectures was held Wednesday of this week instead of last week as previously reported. Mrs. Carbone spoke on the production of the mental science. About thirty members were present.

At the home of Mr. and Mrs. John H. Willard, Wednesday, their daughter Helene was married to William S. Burgess by Rev. Charles F. Carter. The wedding couple after their trip to New York and Washington, will reside in Salem, Mass.

George Washburn, who has been very ill with typhoid fever, is now convalescent, and will probably be out in about a week.

The Tyng boys are at school out of town this week. Walworth is in Harvard and Griswold is attending the Normal Art school in Boston.

Frank Smith and Samuel Kellern were taken to the Concord court this week for drunkenness and were put on probation for two months.

Francis J. Garrison and family, of Pelham road, returned Tuesday from Jackson, N. H. Mr. Garrison is much improved in health.

The beautiful silver cup, which is to be given to the winner of the amateur mile bicycle race, Thursday is on exhibition in O. G. Seeley's window.

The Shakespeare club had a business meeting Thursday evening at the home of Levas Harrington on Massachusetts avenue.

It is announced by Superintendent Buck that the Lexington schools will close Friday, according to custom, so that the teachers may attend the Middlesex county convention, which promises to be of unusual interest.

A. M. Redman's house on Clark street has been painted this week.

The Knights of Columbus will hold their annual ball in the town hall, Wednesday evening.

There has been no singing in the high school this year, owing to the fact that the large number of pupils cannot be assembled in one room. As Principal Buck did not wish the singing to be stopped, entirely on account of graduation, he has made a temporary arrangement for a voluntary singing club to meet every Wednesday at the town hall. The first meeting was Wednesday evening at which about 40 pupils were present.

The guide book of the Hancock-Clark house was issued yesterday from the Enterprise printery. It contains a complete guide to the pictures and memorabilia in the house. It was published under the direction of the Lexington Historical society. Copies may be obtained at the Hancock house on payment of a nominal fee.

The water committee has awarded the contract for laying pipe near Severn's spring constructing a water tight basin and other work, to T. Stuart & Son Co., of Newton. The cost will not be far from \$500.

James Irwin, of East Lexington, has been appointed police officer by the selectmen.

Mrs. Mary C. Snow, of Woburn street, aged 66 years, died Wednesday of paralysis. The funeral was yesterday. Burial was in Wellfleet, Mass.

The selectmen and school committee will fill the vacancy existing in the latter board this evening.

Yesterday the members of the American Gaslight association, holding their annual meeting in Boston this week, made a visit to Lexington. The different points of historical interest were visited, after which dinner was served in town hall by Caterer Hardy. The party then proceeded to Concord.

Mrs. Georgiana Frye-Cheney, formerly of Lexington, will give an organ recital Monday evening at the Unitarian church in Medford, assisted by Miss Charlotte Lynn.

HANCOCK CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

The subject of the service Sunday evening at the church was "Wisdom." This meeting was the beginning of the Sunday evening series upon the "Elements of Manly Character." These practical talks are especially prepared for the benefit of the young people, but are equally interesting to older ones. At this service the double male quartet, composed of those who sang Sunday evening, Oct. 6, with the exception of F. L. Smith, who was unable to attend, Ernest Nichols, rendered the following numbers: "Let the Lower Lights Be Burning," "Near to Thee," and "Integer Vitae." Tomorrow the subject will be "Justice." The double male quartet will also sing.

The Christian Endeavor meeting will be held tomorrow evening, by Miss Annie MacKinnon. As but few attended the meeting last Monday on account of the bad condition of the weather, no service was held.

DISTINGUISHED GUESTS.

The Massachusetts society of the Sons of the Revolution, which is composed of some 1500 members whose lineage can be traced to the men of 1775, will celebrate the 125th anniversary of the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown here today.

Rev. C. Staples, G. O. Whiting and Hammon Reed will conduct the society over the battlefield, through the Hancock-Clark house and the houses of those who belonged to the Lexington minutemen, the burying-ground, and other points of interest. In the Unitarian church at 12 o'clock Rev. C. A. Staples will read a paper on "How the American Revolution was won." At 1 o'clock the society and their friends will dine at the town hall, and addresses will be made by distinguished speakers.

MET LAST NIGHT.

The Lexington Shakespeare club held its first meeting of the season last night at the home of Miss Clara Harrington. It was a business meeting. Officers were elected, and plans were made for the ensuing year. The officers are: James T. Prince, president; A. S. Parsons, vice president; Mrs. A. S. Parsons, secretary and treasurer. The committee on conduct comprises Mrs. Greaves, Miss Elizabeth Harrington, Mrs. Theodore Robinson, Mrs. Charles F. Carter and Mrs. B. F. Brown.

MORRIS-GRIFFIN.

George A. Morris, of Salem, and Miss Katherine M. Griffin were married Wednesday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Griffin, of Fletcher street. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. L. Cox, formerly pastor of the Lexington Baptist church, the couple standing beneath a floral bell. Mr. Walter B. Griffin, of Boston, was best man, and Miss Grace Griffin was maid of honor. The reception followed, and was attended by a large number of guests. The floral decorations were beautiful and comprised an arch of holly and autumn leaves, white asters and other flowers with a generous display of ferns and palms. After the reception Mr. and Mrs. Morris left on a wedding trip, and on their return will reside in Salem.

WILL SOON RETURN.

Enterprise Editor to Follow Example of Birds and Migrate from the Mountains.

Whiteface, N. H., Oct. 16 1901.
Dear Enterprise.—Next week, on Saturday morning, we all leave bright and early for "home, sweet, sweet home." Four months away from Arlington is a tedious home-town to us. I am sure that we had already loved for many a year. "The lost to sight to memory dear," is Linley's sweet note. And so we have been singing all the summer long. It was on the very first day of July that we arrived here among the mountains at our pleasant and attractive Kinderheim. Then the whippoorwill came, and the nightingale came, and the farm on Middle street—now owned by J. P. Nelligan, Mr. and Mrs. Moakley will occupy one half of the double house on Massachusetts avenue, next to Miss Laura Brigham's.

The Baptist society held a pie sociable and entertainment in Emerson hall, Thursday evening, which was well attended. James H. Frizzle acted as auctioneer and the bidding was very lively. Pies sold all the way from six cents to \$1.55. After the pies had been sold and eaten the following entertainment was given: Trio, Lillian Sim, Edith Sim, Abbie Fletcher; recitation, Mrs. Page, assisted by singing by Mrs. Forbes; dialogue, "The Chronic Tumor," Eli Steeves, Ed. Torrey, Carrie Sim, Edna Sim, Nellie Sim, Ernest Sim; song, Abbie Fletcher; recitation, Eli Steeves; speech on woman's rights, Edna Sim; dialogue, "Pooling Sister," Carrie Sim, Edith Sim, Eli Steeves; pantomimes; recitations, Misses Carrie, Edna and Lillian Sim; closing song. Some parts were very funny and created much laughter. The sum of \$13.37 was added to the treasury as the result of the sale.

BAPTIST SOCIETY.

The regular services will be held at the hall tomorrow with preaching by C. D. Easton, W. W. Main of Boston, will also be present and speak. Mr. Main will bring a singer with him, and there will be special music by the choir. It is also expected that the building committee will be prepared to report.

FOLLEN CHURCH.

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There are fine band concerts going on every afternoon and evening, and something is going on at the time.

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TO SOME OF MY FRIENDS.

Did you eat any lobster salad last Monday evening?

If so, did you feel its effects?

Joking aside, was there not a time when it seemed as though you were in doubt whether it would be life or death?

Did you think of how you would leave your families in case you died?

If you have hard work to provide for your family and pay your bills, how can your wife do it after you are gone?

The assessed valuation of the town of Lexington is \$5,385,085.

The Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States can buy the town at this figure and have

SIXTY-ONE MILLION DOLLARS, left, (\$61,000,000), out of their surplus alone.

Is it not a good business proposition to consider the taking of a policy in this company?

G. W. SAMPSON,
Agent, Sherburne's Block, Lexington.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of J. J. TOOMEY, Fashionable Hairdresser.

Pompadour and Children's Hair-cutting a Specialty. Razors Honed and Re-sharpened.

HUNT BLOCK, MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE

Mrs. J. D. Tholdeen, DINING ROOM.

Good Home Dinner, 25c Transients Accommodated.

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East Lexington.

The house on Maple street, occupied by J. Herbert Redding is for sale through the agency of Edward T. Harrington & Co.

Janitor Geo. D. Estabrook removed the memorial decorations from the Stone building, Tuesday.

Garth Batchelder has recovered from his recent sickness.

Charles Spaulding and family moved this week from Harvard and will occupy the home on Massachusetts avenue next to Edwin S. Spaulding's double tenement house.

The minstrel show which was held last week was a financial success. The profits amounted to about \$30.

John J. Moakley, who was married Wednesday, lives each week on the farm on Middle street—now owned by J. P. Nelligan, Mr. and Mrs. Moakley will occupy one half of the double house on Massachusetts avenue, next to Miss Laura Brigham's.

The Baptist society held a pie sociable and entertainment in Emerson hall, Thursday evening, which was well attended. James H. Frizzle acted as auctioneer and the bidding was very lively. Pies sold all the way from six cents to \$1.55. After the pies had been sold and eaten the following entertainment was given: Trio, Lillian Sim, Edith Sim, Abbie Fletcher; recitation, Mrs. Page, assisted by singing by Mrs. Forbes; dialogue, "The Chronic Tumor," Eli Steeves, Ed. Torrey, Carrie Sim, Edna Sim, Nellie Sim, Ernest Sim; song, Abbie Fletcher; recitation, Eli Steeves; speech on woman's rights, Edna Sim; dialogue, "Pooling Sister," Carrie Sim, Edith Sim, Eli Steeves; pantomimes; recitations, Misses Carrie, Edna and Lillian Sim; closing song. Some parts were very funny and created much laughter. The sum of \$13.37 was added to the treasury as the result of the sale.

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ESTABLISHED 1864.

You can buy Lightning and Mason Fruit Jars extra Rubbers, and Tops Choice Teas and Coffees. Fancy Groceries. Also Grain of all kinds at prices as low as the lowest of

C. A. BUTTERS

& CO., POST OFFICE BLOCK, LEXINGTON.

H. V. SMITH.

Periodicals, Confectionery, Cigar

Boston and New York Newspaper

Boots, Shoes, Bicycles, Gent's Furnishings.

MASSACHUSETTS AVE. LEXINGTON

OPP. P. O.

P. J. STEVENS,

Custom TAILOR.

Special Attention Given to ORDER WORK. Cleansing, Dyeing and Repairing Neatly Done.

Sherburne Row, Mass. Ave., LEXINGTON.

THOMAS SPEED

Jobbing and - Ornamental Gardener.

THE CLOCK DOCTOR.

HIS SYSTEM OF CURING SICK AND DISABLED TIMEPIECES.

The Secret by Which a Yankee Mechanic Out of Work Made an Easy Living—His Imposing Array of Tools and the Enchanted Can.

A man employed as a fitter of parts or finisher of clock movements in a Connecticut clock factory received notice some years ago that the entire plant would, on a stated day, close its doors for an indefinite period, owing to the business depression then prevailing throughout the country. On the appointed day he and the other hands left their benches. For the first week or so idleness seemed to him like a needed vacation, but as the days rolled by without any prospect of a resumption of work he had to consider how he was going to earn his living.

Plowing or driving a truck team was out of the question with him, and he finally decided to fit up a wagon and drive about the country tinkering clocks. Accordingly a light rig was secured and fitted out with queer looking hammers, duck billed pinchers and what not. Then to give an imposing air to the outfit he added a miscellaneous assortment of extra parts of clocks, such as dials, pointers, verges, clock springs, etc. Most important of all was the ingenuity, and good nature of a Yankee which he supplied himself.

Driving leisurely along over the country roads he would pick out a house, alight, hitch his horse to a hospitable post and saunter in, something as a near relative would do.

"Got any sick clocks here, madam?" he would ask.

This style of introduction generally succeeded and disabled timepieces were brought to light.

"What's the matter with the clock, anyway?" he would say as he examined a clock. Then the whole story of its rise and fall would follow.

"Been prying into the cogs with the handle of a feather duster?"

"No, sir. Nothing of the kind."

"Has it ever to your certain knowledge unloosed itself from its moorings and fallen to the floor?"

"No, indeed; nothing of the kind. It simply petered out, that's all."

"Too bad!" and a doubtful shake of the head would indicate that the attending physician considered the case quite serious.

"Well," he would go on, "I have an emergency wagon with me and I am laboring under the impression that if the case is placed in my hands at once the afflicted one may be restored to robust health."

His services being retained, he would lay out on the dining room table in an imposing manner the extra parts, the queer looking hammers and the duck billed pinchers. He would also bring in, but would not make conspicuous, an enchanted can containing a magic fluid. Everything being ready, the hands and face were removed first, then came the pendulum. Examination of the interior was usually followed by the same procedure.

The springs were wound to their fullest extent and the movement was taken from its accustomed place and set upon the work table. Then, with a dexterous movement of the clock tinker's fingers, the small verge that held in check the power of the spring by locking into the teeth of the crown wheel at the apex of the train was slipped from the small axle that kept it in place and away went the entire train spinning like mad. A slight pressure of the forefinger against the swiftly revolving verge or crown wheel would act as a coaster brake and the train would be brought to a standstill. The cover to the enchanted can was quickly removed and the metal movement was allowed to sink to the bottom of the magic fluid contained therein, thus giving the tightly wound movement a chance to splash in the fluid until it was completely unwound.

When the wheels had ceased to spin, the clock tinker would take the movement out and rub it dry. The next step was to lubricate it, which was done by placing one-half of a hickory nut meat between the jaws of the duck billed pinchers and with a firm grip pressing out the oil, which, through the agency of a broom splint, was conveyed to the bearing of every pinion tip. The verge was put back on the little wire and locked into the crown wheel once more, the springs newly wound and the convalescing patient was well on the road to recovery. The movement was set back in its own place, the pendulum rod and ball carefully adjusted, the face and hands restored and again the recorder of minutes was on the shelf, going tick-tock, tick-tock.

"Now, Mr. Clockman, that sounds homelike. What's your bill?"

"Well, for chronic cases like this our fee is usually \$1." And he said afterward the money came like finding it.

When business was at its best, he received word that the factory would soon start up on full time and his services would be required to make more clocks for future clock tinkers to doctor up.

In later years he explained the trick as follows: It seems that six out of every ten balky clocks are afflicted with the same disorder, gummy, dirty pinions, and instead of taking the whole movement apart he slipped the verge off and allowed the movement to run down in a can of common stove gasoline. The fluid would remove the old oil that had collected dust and lint to an extent that stopped the clock, the revolving pinions cleansed themselves and when the movement was taken from the liquid it was in running order again.—New York Sun.

Milk Is Fattening.
If milk does not disagree with one, a quart or more a day will help immensely in the work of getting fat. It should be sipped rather slowly, as it turns into curds the moment it reaches the gastric juices of the stomach and when a large quantity is swallowed at once the large mass formed is not quickly digested. A tablespoonful of lime water in a glass of milk will neutralize its bilious properties.

Not In All Cases.
"Enthusiasm is contagious."
"Oh, not always; I've courted girls who didn't seem to share my enthusiasm in the least."—Chicago Herald.

Rules and Exceptions.
"Politeness is never wasted," remarked the man of Chesterfieldian manners.
"Well, mister," answered the weather beaten person, "that may be true in your part of town, but if you was in the canalboat business you'd know that there ain't any use whatever of saying 'please' to a mule."—Washington Star.

Money Talks.
Justice—Will you swear that you saw the accused smoking a cigarette?
Witness—I don't swear, your honor, but I'll bet you \$10 to \$5 that he was.—Chicago News.

Unchained.
An English alderman of one of the new boroughs in the provinces, meeting a friend who occupied a similar position of dignity and usefulness in a neighboring district, said:
"We have provided our mayor with a splendid chain. What are you doing for yours?"
"Oh," replied his friend, "we are going to let our boulder run loose."

As the Queen Bee does little or no outdoor work and is seldom killed by violence, as are the drones, she usually lives to a good old age.

Some naturalists say that no insects except the silkworm feed upon the leaves of the mulberry.

"TOILER, CANST THOU DREAM?"

Toiler, canst thou dream
At the seam, at the plow?
Higher heritage than kings
Hast thou.

Canst thou read in star or weed,
Answer to thy heart's deep cry?
Gold nor gem nor love's own crown
Gild nor grieve nor love's own crown
So satisfy.

Toiler, canst thou wait,
Through the storm black hour, elate,
Ruler of thy recent will,
Dominant of fate?

Toiler, canst thou trust?
From the dust stand and tell,
Though the tears come streaming, all—
All is well!

—Lulu W. Mitchell in Century.

THE VALUE OF PAIN.

It Calls Attention to the Fact That Disease Exists.

Pain is not disease; it is a symptom calling attention to the fact that disease exists. We do not remove the disease by stopping the pain.

Headaches usually arise from disturbances in digestion, due to overeating, eating freely of soft foods, too much of a variety at meals, etc. Fermentation and decay of the foods with the formation of poisons and irritants result. The danger is reported at headquarters. The danger to do is to heed the voice of the faithful sentinel, assist nature to get rid of the impurities generated, either by washing out the stomach, drinking freely of water, fasting for a day, by vigorous exercise or eliminative baths. Recognize in the pain the voice of a friend calling attention to the fact that we have done wrong and resolve never to violate the laws of health on this point again.

In a day or so the transgressor would feel well and would be able to keep from getting into the same or a worse condition by avoiding the causes.

This is not the way these symptoms are usually treated. Pain is looked upon as an enemy, not as the voice of a friend. The sick one goes to a physician and demands something that will stupefy or paralyze the nerves—the pain must stop at once. He is given an opiate; the pain stops; the food still keeps on decaying in the stomach; he imagines he is well. The disease still exists; the symptom alone has been removed. The faithful sentinel has been knocked down. The means of telegraphic communication to headquarters have been severed. The enemy has his own way and is able to go ahead undisturbed in his destructive work. The watchers are asleep under an anesthetic or opiate. The enemy enters the camp. Poisons that are generated in the stomach through errors in diet in verwork and irritate the liver, the lungs and kidneys, through which they are eliminated, and finally result in Bright's disease, or the lungs, being weakened, are not able to resist the germs of disease that are inhaled. He falls a victim to tuberculosis and is now in a serious, if not an incurable, condition.

The only safe way is to study the human body and become familiar with the laws upon which health, happiness and life depend. Prevent pains, woe and sickness by avoiding their causes.—Life and Health.

Metropolitan Sidelights.

In speaking of the features of city life that are incomprehensible to country people a successful publisher said:

"An apartment house which contains ten or more families stands next to my house. The cheapest apartments in it rent for \$2,500 a year. A man who can afford to pay \$2,500 a year rent should have an income of at least \$10,000, and the presumption is that his income is more than that. I am familiar with New York names and yet when I had an opportunity to look over the list of names of men who lived in this apartment house there was not one on the list with which I was familiar. I never had heard of any of them. Here were ten men who lived next door to me, each of them having an income that would mean wealth in the country, and none of them was known to me. It is by such sidelights as this that one may get an idea of the wealth of this city."—New York Sun.

The Heron Nests High.
Heron colonies are rare enough to excite interest in their location and the peculiarities of the nest building of these birds. They live and rear their young year after year at the same place, unless some catastrophe in bird life or the intrusion of unwelcome residents cause them to move.

There are three known heron colonies in New England. One of them is on the plantation just to the north of Sebce lake. On a point of land reaching out into the pond is a growth of tall silver birches, and there are at least one hundred nests in the tops of those trees. The trees are tall, without limbs for forty feet or more from the ground. It is a well known fact that herons never build a nest in a tree with limbs much less than forty feet from the earth. The nests are constructed from small sticks. The nest is at least two feet across.—Chicago Chronicle.

His Candid Opinion.

A young man contemplating matrimonial felicity took his fair intended to the home of his parents that she might be introduced to the old folks.

"This is my future wife," said the young man, proudly turning to paternal families, who was a canny Scot. "Now, father, tell me candidly what you think of her."

The old man eyed the blushing bride elect critically for fully two minutes, then answered with deliberation, "Well, John, I can only say you have shown much better taste than she has."—London Tit-Bits.

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CALL 'EM UP.

Telephone Directory of Live Business Houses, Which Advertise in the Enterprise.

Below will be found a list of the Enterprise advertisers whose places of business or residences have a telephone connection. The list is published for the convenience of Enterprise readers, who may desire to communicate with these establishments.

Lucius A. Austin, Lexington 14-3.
Arlington House, Arlington 156-2.
Arlington Insurance Agency, Arl. 303-5.
Belmont Coal Co., Arl. 36-3.
A. L. Bacon, 133-3.

Henry W. Beal, Arl. 141-3; Boston office, Main 168.
A. E. Cotton, Arl. 238-4.
David Clark, Arl. 89-3.
Charles Gott, Arl. 38-3; house, Arl. 38-2.
C. H. Gannett, Main 3856-3.
N. J. Hardy, Arl. 8-2; house, Arl. 112-2.
James O. Holt, grocer, Arl. 137-2.
James O. Holt, provision dealer, Arl. 337-2.

W. K. Hutchinson, Arl. 339-3 or 149-3.
Heights branch, Arl. 321-5; house, Arl. 328-3.
J. Henry Hartwell, Arl. 127-4; house, Arl. 104-4.

H. B. Johnson, Arl. 134-2.
Johnson's Arlington Express, Arl. 122-3.
Litchfield's Studio, 307-3.
George A. Law, Arl. 73-3.
Lexington Lumber Co., Lex. 48.
John J. Leary, Arl. 37-2.
R. W. Le Baron, Arl. 73-2.
Lexington Grain Mills, Lex. 34-3; house, 31-3.

A. S. Mitchell, Main 1509.
Perham's Pharmacy, 115-3; pay station, 21-3; house, 323-6.
W. W. Robertson, Arl. 138-4.
E. Price, Arl. 98-2.
Pelree & Winn, Arl. 3-2.
Dr. Ring's Sanatorium, Arl. 205-2.
W. W. Rawson, Arl. 15-3; house, Arl. 15-2; Boston office, Main 2346.
George W. Sampson, Lex. 24-2; house, Lex. 61-7.

C. H. Stone, Arl. 131-4.
W. P. Schwab & Bro., Arl. 111-3.
Simpson Bros., Main 1155.
H. T. Welch & Son, pay station, 2133-3.
Wood Bros. Express, Arl. 242-7.
John G. Waage, Arl. 149-4.
C. T. West, undertaker, Lex. 28-4; house, 31-4; Wetherbee Bros., Arl. 149-6.

WE MOVE QUICKLY and MOVE YOU QUICKLY.

Piano and Furniture Moving a specialty. Storage room for Furniture, Stoves, etc. We make two trips to Boston daily, first at 8.30. First team due from Boston at 1.30.

Boston Offices—36 Court St., 48 Chatham St. 171 Kingston St., order box, Faneuil Hall Market.

Arlington Offices—Cushing's Store at Heights Town Hall, corner Henderson Street, and McDowell's store.

WOOD BROS.' EXPRESS

Residence at 677 Mass. avenue, ARLINGTON.

Have Your Horses Shod

AT

Mill Street Shoeing Forge,

26 Mill Street,

ARLINGTON.

Special attention paid to Over-reaching and Interfering Horses.

Horses Shod by experienced workmen.

First-class work guaranteed. Horses called for and delivered.

CALL AT THE

Mystic Street Waiting-Room

FOR A

Quick Lunch.

Confectionery,

Tobacco, Cigars, etc.

A. O. SPRAGUE

ARLINGTON.

F. R. DANIELS,

606 Mass. Avenue, Arlington.

Hats, Caps,

Gentlemen's

Furnishing Goods,

Periodicals,

Cigars & Tobacco.

For Candies, Fruit,

Cold Sodas,

with pure juices, and a

GOOD DINNER

Visit Callaghan's Lunch Room

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS.

CURTIN'S

Arlington Express

Boston Office, 128 State Street.

Telephone, 1135, Main.

Residence, 1027 Mass. Ave., Arlington

J. W. RONCO.

HAIR DRESSER

Is Still in the Business.

POST OFFICE BUILDING,

ARLINGTON.

ALEXANDER BEATON,

Contractor and Builder

PARK AVENUE,

Arlington Heights.

ARLINGTON HARNESS CO.

HORSE HARNESS STABLE

CLOTHING SADDLERY OUTFITS

448 Massachusetts Avenue,

ARLINGTON.

TO A TORTOISE.

Paludal, glum, with misdirected legs,
You hide your history as you do your eggs
And offer us an osseous nut to crack
Much harder than the shell upon your back.
No evolutionist has ever guessed
Why your cold shoulder is within your chest,
Why you were discontented with a plan
The verities accept, from fish to man.
For what environment did you provide
By pushing your internal frame outside?
How came your ribs in this abnormal place?
Inside your rubber neck to hide your face
And answer not? To science you're a sphinx,
A structural epitome of missing links,
And, when despatched, still you swell
And kick and claw and scramble just as well.
But I'll not plague thee. Even here I find
A touch of fellowship that makes me kind.
Sometimes a poet who has lost his head
Will keep on scratching when he should be dead.
—Chauncey Hickox in New Lippincott.

A CONFESSION IN ARCADY.

Which Recites the Pleasure of Poaching.

By ATHOL FORBES.

"Every man as lives in the country has a hankerin' after it. It's in the nat'ral blood, I says, and when a man fairly gets the taste of it in his system, why, it's worse to leave off nor drinkin' and gamblin'. Skittles and dominoes is all very well, but poachin'—ah, that's the sport!"

The old man shook his head sagely after this bit of moralizing and knocked the ashes out of his pipe.

"Try some of mine," I said, passing him my pouch. I saw the ex-poacher was inclined to be talkative, and as time hung somewhat heavily on my hands in Arcadia I settled myself down to listen.

"How did I begin? Why, I was always at it, more or less, ever since I could remember. As a boy bird snarin' was my amusement—many's the whackin' I got for that and truant playin' from the schoolmaster. I was a dead shot at a runnin' cat at forty yards with a flint. You can practice on them in daylight. Then in the evenin' I used to knock over rabbits with a stone. Lor', I could knock 'em over tew," and he smiled as he recalled his boyish prowess and pranks.

"I remember well the first time I went out with a gun. It was with old Tompkins—'Methody Tompkins,' as we call him. He's livin' now and never got copped. It were like this: Him and me wur in service with the old squire up at Hind's farm. We was eatin' our bread and cheese, and the plump pheasants was struttin' about in and out of the wood that was by 'e field we was harrowin'. I 'ad never tasted one, and Billy Tompkins he says to me, 'Ever tasted one o' 'em?' 'No,' I says. He larfs. That was 'ow it 'appened."

"There's more there than squire can eat," says a voice inside like, and the Almighty he gave us the fowls of the air and the fishes of the sea. I 'ad never seen the sea, never 'ad no 'ankerin' after it, but I might as well have my share o' 'other things."

"Just at that time Billy says, 'I can borrow a gun.' I looks at him. 'Right, lad,' I says, for we understood each other, and that night we went out. There was no moon, but we knew our way. I war a bit nervous like, especially when some squirrels squirmed away in front of us as we got through the gap in the 'edge into the plantation. Curious things them little animals is. I've seen them many a time brushin' the dead leaves away with their tails and then turnin' around to pick up the nuts. Ah, the way of the Almighty be wonderf'! Just think of him pervidin' the little beasts with brushes, as if they was Christians."

"Well, that night I was a bit skeered, and no mistake. Suddenly Billy lifts his gun. 'Flash! bang! it goes. I thought I should 'a' died. In a minit the whole place was alive with wings flappin' in all directions. I turns to bolt, but Billy he collars 'o'd of me and says, 'Don't be a fule; hold the bag, and mind tew do exact as I says.' Well, you never 'eard such a hurroar; all the birds in the plantation wanted to know what was up and come out o' their nests to see and hear all about it. A big cock pheasant screeched in my ear, and tiny birds dashed about like mad without thinkin' where they was goin'. It was a spree, if you like."

"We bags two big birds, then we off's 'ard as we could lick, before the keeper got on our track. But we was in our cottages, snug in bed, I bet, before they 'ad their eyes open."

"Next mornin' we went to work as usual and heard all about the scare of the night before. Keepers and dogs was out, and squire suspected some pitmen from a colliery about five miles off. We listens, and we says nothin' and agrees that pitmen are a wicked lot."

"After that we got more boldlike and fearless, and two birds did not content us, for we soon saw there was money in it. Yes, many a night I 'ave made a week's wages, and I put by a tidy bit each season. Then Jim Cowles joined us, but he spent all his takin' in drinkin' at the Blue Pig. However, he put us up to sendin' the birds to London, where we could get tiptop prices and no questions asked."

"One night we gets nabbed—Jim and me. Billy didn't go with us, though I 'eard afterward he was suspected, but what does the sly old dog do but goes off to a prayer meetin' 'o'her side o' the Dene and proves an alibi. His gal was in service at the hall, and she tells him as how special keepers and a party at the hall was goin' to hunt for the poachers, so the wily old fox he goes to his meetin' and lets us get copped without givin' us a word's warnin'. They suspected us, you see. There was a struggle, and Jim he lets off his gun, whether by accident or not I cannot say, but he struggled hard 'an' got away. He had a bit o' money, and he makes a clean bolt of it to Ameriky, where he is now. I hears from him occasionally. He was afraid he 'ad shot one of the keepers, and it was years before I 'ad a letter from him. But to go on with my story."

"That's you, Trindon," says the squire. "Yes, sir," I answers. The keeper had 'old o' me tight."

"You shall answer for this," the old gentleman says.

"I says nuthin', for it would only 'a' made matters wus."

"Go home to you're wife, and we'll deal with you tomorrow," he says.

"Off I goes, without being told twice, and I tumbles into bed, where I lay a-tremblin'. The wife there," here he nodded to his spouse, who sat knitting

at the other side of the fireplace, "she says, 'What is it?' and after a time I tells her. She bursts out cryin', and the kids heard 'er, so they sets up a howlin', and we was that miserable that I cussed Jim and Bill and the rest of them."

"Next mornin' I did not go to work, but Bessie she goes off to squire's parson, 'avin' me a-bed. You see, she had been in service at the vicarage, so she felt at home like in goin' up. Down comes parson and lets out at me somethin' cruel. 'Go up at once to the squire and ax his pardon,' he says. By gum, the old parson be a rum 'un. He got me at a disadvantage, bein' in bed, and he makes up for lost time, and my wife there, she stands by and puts in a word here and there. 'Get them trousers on,' says the parson, and he chuckles my breeches on. Then he stands over me while I gets my clothes on."

"Well, I walks up to the hall humble like and axes to see the squire, and the footman he puts me in the gunroom and tells me to wait. 'Parson 'as sent me,' I says."

"It's quod for you," says footman in reply, grinnin'."

"Presently the old gentleman comes in. I salutes him very humble, but afore I could get a word in he lets out at me. He stormed and cussed somethin' shockin', but I keeps my eye on 'im, and when he gets too near I edges away, all the time axin' pardon, as the vicar had told me. When 'e cools down a bit I said as 'ow I 'ad been led astray, and for the future I was goin' to be respectable and go to church, and I did mean it at the time."

"The old squire he swears and growls a bit more, but in the end he agrees to make it up. You see he was a passionate man, and when in a tantrum he would say and do anything."

"You will let me drink your 'ealth, squire, before I goes," I says, 'just to show there's no ill feelin' on my part.'"

"But before you could say Jack Robinson I was off, for the old gent 'e rushes at me like a mad bull, but when I got into the passage I got mixed, so I dives under a table and stays there awhile. He rushes past mad blind like. A minute afterwards I 'ears the squire's lady a-laughin', and presently he sings out, 'Trindon, go round to the servants' hall and get your beer.'"

"That was the first time I was nabbed," added the old man.

"You still went on with your poachin', then?" I remarked.

"Yes, sir. You cannot break it off. It was ten years afore I was caught again. The old squire was just dead—God rest his soul!—and new squire gets another keeper, some man as 'ad been in the fore-ign wars with him as his servant. Bless your soul, he knew nothin' about birds, but he did about a gun, by gum he did."

"One night I was out with two others. We was busy with the net, when suddenly there was a bang, and I felt somethin' smartin' in my leg. 'What's up?' I says. 'It's the new keeper, that's what it is,' says one of my mates. Presently bang came the gun again from another direction, and my mates sings out that they are hit. We all drops down on the grass scared and waits, but there was nothin' more. It was a business gettin' home that night. I could scarcely walk for the pain in my leg. This shootin' was a new dodge and not fair at all, but the man didn't know his work, and he had been accustomed to go out when he liked and shoot Rooshins."

"Next day we 'ad to go to the doctor's to get the shot corns taken out of us. I had three in my leg—there are some there yet—and it was as black as that kettle, and the doctor took them out of my mates in handfuls."

"The new keeper, he be a cute 'un. He goes round to the surgery and gets all our names, and the policeman serves us with a summons, so this time we appears before the bench of county magistrates. Seen' that there was no other convictions against us, we got off with seven days each, for which we thanked the workshops."

"As soon as I was out young squire and parson comes round to see me, and both of them sat and laughed as I told them all about it, and I tells them about the time when I hid under the table from the old gentleman, and they laughs more."

"Didn't you carry my father to the church?" said young Captain Rowley—the squire's name was Rowley Eden.

"Yes," I says. 'God bless him, he wur a good 'un, your father, but he would 'a' killed me that day in the gunroom. Lucky I wur too quick for 'un. He had a 'ot temper, but a good heart.'"

"The young man he sits quiet a time and then drops a tear, and the parson and he looks out of the window. I did a bit of a cry, myself, too, for the old maister was as good as gold, takin' 'im all round."

"You refused to take the sovereign that was given to each of the pailbearers," said the young squire, swingin' round suddenly and facin' me. 'Why did you do that? Here, I wish you to have it,' and he puts down a golden sovereign at that table."

"No offense, sir, nor disrespect," I says. 'He wur a good squire; never a better lived. I was proud to do him the last sad duty, sir, and as we carried him to his last restin' place I would 'a' given a good bit more'n that (meanin' the sovereign) just to

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON IN, FOURTH QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, OCT. 20.

Text of the Lesson, Gen. xli, 38-49. Memory Verses, 39-41—Golden Text, I Sam. ii, 30—Commentary Prepared by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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Patiently continuing in well doing in his prison life, the time came when he should be delivered, God's time, and therefore the best. The king of Egypt dreamed two dreams, or a dream that was doubled to him in a little different form, but none of his magicians or wise men could interpret for him the dream. How like the story in Dan. ii, 10-27; iv, 7; v, 8; for the wisdom of this world is utterly at fault in the things of God; only the Spirit of God can tell us the things of God (I Cor. ii, 11-14). The chief butler, learning of the king's difficulty, remembered his ingratitude to his prison friend and told the king how Joseph had interpreted their dreams in the prison. Joseph, the young Hebrew, was hastily sent for, and giving God all the glory (verse 10), interpreted the dream, assuring Pharaoh that God had by those dreams shown him what He was about to do, that the events would shortly come to pass and that Pharaoh would do well to profit by the revelation (verses 23-37).

38. "Can we find such a one as this, a man in whom the Spirit of God is?" Thus spake the king to his servants when he had heard the words of Joseph. The man who could interpret such dreams and give such advice must be the man for the occasion. God had been all the while preparing Joseph for this occasion and this occasion for Joseph. He purposes in Himself that which He works out according to the counsel of His own will (Eph. i, 9-11), and happy are those who are in His will.

39, 40. "Only in the throne will I be greater than thou." From a prison to a throne, and so suddenly, and what wonderful words from Pharaoh, "Thou shalt be over my house, and according unto thy word shall all my people be ruled," the second ruler in all Egypt, and because God had spoken through him. According to the golden text, God honored Joseph because Joseph had honored Him. "Promotion cometh neither from the east, nor from the west, nor from the south; but God is the judge. He putteth down one and setteth up another" (1's. lxxv, 6-7).

41-43. "And Pharaoh said unto Joseph, See, I have set thee over all the land of Egypt." He confirmed it by transferring the ring upon his hand to Joseph's hand, by the vestures and the gold chain and a place in the second chariot in the land. It seemed to Pharaoh that he did it, but it was the Lord's doing. He permitted Pharaoh to do it and thus accomplish His pleasure. Nebuchadnezzar probably thought that he took Jehoiaquim captive, and to human vision he did, but it was the Lord who gave Jehoiaquim into his hand (Dan. i, 1, 2).

44, 45. "Joseph went out over all the land of Egypt." No one might do aught without him; as in the prison so now in all the land it might be said of him, "Whosoever it did there he was the doer of it" (chapter xxxix, 22). There is no believer who may not be so yielded to Christ that what is done in or through them He will be the doer of it; as Paul said concerning himself, "I live, yet not I, but Christ, liveth in me" (Gal. ii, 20). Since our Lord Jesus has said, "Without Me ye can do nothing" (John xv, 5), why should we think of doing anything apart from Him, because however it may look acceptable in the eyes of others, it is "nothing" unless He does it?

His new name signifies, according to the margin, "revealer of secrets," and he receives as his wife the daughter of the priest of On; here again we have a twofold suggestion of our Lord Jesus, for He is the great revealer of secrets, making known to us the great mystery of godliness, and of the church, and of Israel's blindness, and of the kingdom; for the Father loveth the Son and sheweth Him all things that Himself doeth (John v, 20).

46. "And Joseph was 30 years old when he stood before Pharaoh, king of Egypt." Our Lord was 30 years old when He began His public ministry (Luke iii, 23); so likewise was John the Baptist and Ezekiel, and this was the age when the priests began their ministry (Ezek. i, 1; Num. iv, 3). Joseph began to rule at the age of 30, but our Lord began His public humiliation, for while He went about doing good, anointed with the Holy Ghost, it was to be despised and rejected and crucified as an evildoer, and He still waits for His kingdom.

47-49. "And Joseph gathered corn as the sands of the sea, very much, until he left numbering; for it was without number." This he did during the seven plentiful years, for the earth brought forth by handfuls, and Joseph diligently made provision for the time to come when there would be great distress. The phrase "as the sand of the sea," or, as it is sometimes, "as the dust of the earth," is a figure signifying that which cannot be counted. See I Kings iii, 8; iv, 20-29; II Chron. vi, 9; then see also Gen. xxii, 17; Judg. vii, 12; I Sam. xiii, 5; Ps. lxxvii, 27. How great is our God that He can multiply things and people after this fashion!

55. In due time the famine came. Then all Egypt cried to Pharaoh, and he said, "Go unto Joseph; what he saith to you, do." This reminds us of the saying of Jacob's wives, "Now, then, whatsoever God hath said unto thee, do" (Gen. xxxi, 16); also of the saying of Mary to the servants at the marriage in Cana, "Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it" (John ii, 5). Out great and only question concerning the things which are eternal, the things of the kingdom, should be "What hath the Lord spoken?" for He only has the bread of life and all must come to Him who would have life. Not only all Egypt had to come to Joseph, but all countries (57), and we shall see in the next lesson, all Israel, too; and the sons of Israel found that their benefactor was their brother. Israel shall yet see that their deliverer is the same one whom they crucified and to Him shall all flesh come.

All who now receive Him shall learn or may learn in their experience the true meaning of Manasseh and Ephraim, for God will make them forget their toil and will make them fruitful where they have been afflicted (verses 51, 52). The field, which is the world, in which we are now the reapers, belongs to our Boss, and in the morning of our marriage to Him the whole field will be ours, and we will then, if not before, forget our toil and see the true meaning of fruitfulness (Rom. viii, 18; I Pet. i, 9). Being redeemed, let us be wise and obedient.

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And white, like death, sweet friend;
Born in your bosom to rejoice,
Languish and pine and end.

If the white roses tell of death,
Let the red roses mend
The talk with true stories of love
Unchanging to the end.

Red and white roses, love and death;
What else is left to send?
For what is life but love, the means,
And death, dear heart, the end?

When in what other life,
Where in what old spent star,
Systems ago, dead vastitudes afar,
Were we two bird and bough of man and wife,
Or wave and spar.

Or I the beating sea and you the bar
On which it breaks? I know not, I!
But this, oh, this, my very dear, I know:
Your voice awakes old echoes in my heart,
And things I say to you now are said once
more.

And, sweet, when we two part
I feel I have seen you faster and linger so,
So hesitate and turn and cling, yet go,
As once in some immemorial Before,
Once on some fortunate yet thrice blasted
shore. . . .

Was it for good?
Oh, these poor eyes are wet!
And yet, oh, yet,
Now it comes back, I would not, if I could,
—Forget!

—W. E. Henley in North American Review.

A MAN
NAMED
MORIARTY

"The question is," said the stout gentleman, emphasizing the last word and pausing effectively, "who's to be the scapegoat of this affair?"

"There must be one, you think?" said the thin man with the gray beard as his anxious eyes searched the other man's face.

"Of course," the stout man answered, with an air of finality. "You don't want the papers to get hold of the truth, do you? You don't want to leak out that we're manufacturing explosives with inferior chemicals—to say nothing of dangerous processes, long ago condemned as murderous, which we've employed to cut corners and boom the dividends. You don't want that going the rounds, do you?"

"No, indeed not," the thin man said eagerly.

"Ergo, the scapegoat," said the other. "I don't see where you'll find one," the thin man observed wearily.

"Well," the stout man began, and his voice was full of vigor and determination, "when you run a business of this sort and in this manner, when you do almost anything to tickle the stockholders, when you cut down the expenses to the point of holding human beings over eternally on No. 30 cotton thread, you've got to be prepared for almost anything, and when that anything comes, as it will sooner or later, you've got to take a day off and smooth things over with the public. The public is inquisitive, and it has a way of finding more things out than you want it to. Now, what we've got to do is to square the public. We've made money this past year. We've saved so much through cheap stock and risky processes that it's a small matter if the old shack on the 'plains' has gone up with a bang. Let it go. It's a loss, to be sure, but it's nothing to what the loss will be if the true inwardness of that bang becomes common gossip. If it should get out just why the works blew up, you'd never put another ounce of product on the market, and your stock wouldn't be worth the paper it's engraved on. In fact, you'd be lucky to get off without a long term for manslaughter."

"Well," said the other as he shifted uneasily in his chair.

"Fix the blame on some one. That will satisfy 'em. Don't bother about dollars and cents just at present."

"And the—the—scapegoat?" suggested the thin man.

"As I said, when you run things in this way you have to be prepared for anything. There's two things to be thankful for. First, it's God's own mercy it didn't happen in the daytime. Thirty killed and forty wounded—something like that in scare type. That would have been serious. Second, that a man named Moriarty was loafing round the building somewhere. There's your man."

"Moriarty—Moriarty!" said the thin man, as if endeavoring to place the name.

"Yes, Moriarty," said the other. "The same one that grafted us for twenty more per month when somehow—Lord knows how—he got on to the fact that we were taking long chances."

"Oh, yes," said the thin man, his face lighting. "Where is he?"

"Well, I should say he was cumbering the earth at several points, unless they've collected him," the other said grimly.

"Low down, I suppose, to take advantage of a man when he's dead. Still, it's bound to be somebody, and we may as well use him who first used us."

"Are you sure he's dead?" the thin man asked.

"You've never seen an explosion like that, I imagine," the stout man said dryly.

"Anyhow, how will you fix the blame on him?" the other inquired.

"Easy enough. Reporters will be round today to interview us. Well, there's only one way we can imagine it happened. On several occasions we've been out to the works at night. Moriarty was smoking—see? Threatened to discharge him if we heard of it again. Particularly trusty man otherwise and long in our employ, so we hated to part with him. Must have tried it once too often last night. Shocked at such a horrible thing, of course, but we'd so often cautioned him, and so forth—see?"

"The thin man arose.

"You're a genius," said he. "It's the very thing."

"Tisn't genius," said the other shortly. "It's a case of have to."

On the evening preceding the above conversation the Commonwealth Explosive works in the dingy little village called the Plains had verified its name by sailing skyward in the midst of a vivid pyrotechnical display, accompanied by a roar like several concentrated Fourth of Julys, which had shaken the earth for miles around. Several hours after the explosion, in a little belt of larches some rods away, a heap of wreckage stirred uneasily and finally broke apart. From the wreckage came a thing which wobbled about the ground in its vain attempts to rise. Finding this impossible, it began to crawl through the grove toward a light which shined in a window some little distance beyond. The thing made

progress painfully, sometimes creeping, sometimes worming, but always groaning weakly. The light seemed leagues away, and, moreover, it bobbed about in a wonderful fashion and showed all variety of color from blood red to pale blue. Sometimes it was lost to sight completely, and the thing would utter a sound between a gasp and a moan, but it always crawled until at last the light showed its kaleidoscopic hues close at hand. Then the thing, after numerous attempts, found a feeble voice and sent out a frail shout, while the light swung around in huge circles and dripped green sparks in its trail. Some one came running and, bending down, said, "Good God!" in a voice that rang and jarred like heavy bells—then darkness.

It was late in the next afternoon when the thing opened its eyes, and even as it moaned in its pain the presses in the neighboring city were running out in their first editions the account of Moriarty's affection for his pipe.

Now, to bring into the semblance of a man a thing which had soared through the air in company with loose boards, stray girders and miscellaneous debris takes some little time and a vast amount of surgical skill. Of time there was a plenty, and there was no lack of other requisites at the hospital to which the thing was finally taken. The two in conjunction worked wonders. Out of the battered mass of broken bones and lacerated flesh came slowly but surely the likeness of a human being—a very sorry human being it was, scarred and disfigured and bristling with splints and bandages. Still, through it all it clung to life with a tenacity which was little less than marvelous.

After many weeks it was able to sit up every day in a chair. About this time this much bandaged man began to read, and, chancing to come across a bundle of weeks old papers, he read therein the account of thoughtless Moriarty. It pleased him immensely. He chuckled and grinned and read the account several times. Then he folded the paper and put it under the pillow of his cot. Moriarty's troubles seemed to be a powerful tonic for him. He improved rapidly and nearly drove the doctors insane by asking them how long it would be before his condition would permit him to go out.

One visiting day he dictated a note and sent it out by the nurse. In the afternoon three men were shown to the bandaged man's ward, where he sat wrapped up in his chair.

"Denny," cried the foremost of the three as he caught sight of the shrunken figure.

The bandaged man favored them with a grin, which the crosses of adhesive plaster on his face and the absence of six front teeth rendered particularly hideous.

"Sit down, sit down," he said jovially. "Look at the product of bad chemicals, will you?"

The trio sat down and chatted away until a white capped nurse gently hinted it was time for them to leave. Then the bandaged man turned to the visitor nearest him.

"Dan," said he, "did you ever see me smoke?"

"I don't think I ever did, Denny," the man addressed replied.

The patient turned to the next in order. "Tom," he said solemnly, "did you ever see me smoke?"

"Sure not," said Tom.

"Did you, Jim?" the patient went on, addressing the third, who shook his head.

"Well, then," said he, "remember that, will you? It's money in your pocket to keep that in mind." And when the three reached the street they agreed there was something wrong with Denny's mind.

It was a bright September day when the patient left the hospital. He entered a carriage and drove to one of the office buildings down town. He hobbled into a spacious office on the seventh floor, his crutches making a vigorous thumping on the tiling as he swung past a stout man at the desk in the outer room and entered a smaller one, where a thin little man with a gray beard bent over a pile of letters. The man from the hospital still wore bandages swathed about his neck, and there was yet enough adhesive plaster on his face to make his grin rather pronounced.

"Good morning," said he pleasantly, sinking into a chair. "Don't let me interrupt. My business can wait."

"Well," said the other sharply.

"Are you ready?" the intruder asked. Then he grinned, and the thin man experienced a shock. That grin would have startled a mummy.

"I think I'll smoke," said the man with the crutches.

"Well, why don't you?" the thin man queried after waiting for some moments for the other to produce his weed.

"No hurry



As everyone knows
Freshness in groceries is just as essential
as it is in eggs for the making of puddings,
pastry, etc. Everyone ought to know
that we take a special pride in selling
only groceries that are fresh. No stale
stock in this store.

C. H. STONE & SON,
Cor. Mass. and Park Aves.
Arlington Heights.
Telephone 131-4 Arlington.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS
in Bloom in Pots and Cut
Flowers.

CARNATIONS, FERNS,
PALMS, AURICARIAS.
Funeral Designs a Specialty.

W. W. Rawson's
Corner Medford and
Warren Streets,
Arlington.

ESTABLISHED 1841.
J. HENRY HARTWELL
& SON,
Undertakers,
4 MEDFORD STREET,
ARLINGTON.

Notice to Voters.
The Registrars of Voters will meet in
session in their room, in the Town House,
for the purpose of registering voters, THURSDAY,
Oct. 17, 1901, from 7:30 to 9 o'clock P. M.;
on SATURDAY, October 20, 1901, from
10 o'clock to 1 o'clock P. M. also at Union
Hall, Arlington Heights, on MONDAY, October
21, 1901, from 7:30 to 9 o'clock P. M. Registration
will close SATURDAY, October 20, 1901,
at 10 o'clock in the evening. And after the
close of registration no name will be entered
on the LIST OF VOTERS EXCEPT AS PRO-
VIDED BY STATUTE.

WILLIAM A. PATTIE,
JOHN W. BAILEY,
WM. H. FITZPATRICK,
B. DELMONT LOCKE,
Registrars of Voters of Arlington.

FRANK J. HOLLAND,
Engraving.
Small Metal Signs, Door Plates, and Numbers.
Signs Engraved and Refitted.
Mail Orders Promptly Attended To.

THE BEST ICE CREAM
is to be had at
JIMBALL'S, ARLINGTON HEIGHTS.

This Lunch service is unsurpassed. Try
our Ice Cream Soda—none better.

WANTED.
Binders and Stitches on Wool
Soles. Must understand running
machine and do good work. Also
pasters and finishers. Haskell's, 71
Claremont Av., Arlington Heights.

T. M. CANNIFF,
Hairdresser,
443 Mass. ave., Arlington

C. H. GANNETT,
CIVIL ENGINEER AND SURVEYOR.
Room 112 Exchange Building,
55 State St., Boston. Telephone 316-3.
Residence, Academy St., Arlington.

COMMONWEALTH
OF
MASSACHUSETTS.

PROBATE COURT.
To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors
and all other persons interested in
the estate of Henry G. Ruffly, late of
Arlington, in said County, deceased, in-
testate.
Whereas, a petition has been presented
to said Court to grant a letter of
administration on the estate of said de-
ceased to Eleanor F. Johnson, of Arling-
ton, in the County of Middlesex, with-
out giving a surety on her bond,
You are hereby cited to appear at a
Probate Court to be held at Cambridge,
in said County of Middlesex, on the fifth
day of November, A. D. 1901, at nine
o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause,
if any you have, why the same should
not be granted.
And the petitioner is hereby directed
to give public notice thereof, by pub-
lishing this citation once in each week,
for three successive weeks, in the Ar-
lington Enterprise, a newspaper pub-
lished in Arlington, the last publication
to be one day, at least, before said
Court.
Witness Charles J. McIntire, Esquire,
First Judge of said Court, this fifteenth
day of October, in the year one thou-
sand nine hundred and one.
S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

FOR SALE.
BURNER PARLOR, STOVE,
and air tight stove, \$2.00. Address 7
Academy street.

TO LET.
FURNISHED ROOMS. Furnace heat;
hot and cold water in bath room. Ap-
ply at 14 Prescott street.

WELL DESERVED HONOR.

Edward C. Stone of Lexington, an In-
structor at Boston University of
Law.

Edward Carlton Stone, of Lexington,
a member of the Suffolk bar, has been
selected by the trustees of Boston uni-
versity as the new instructor in criminal
law in the law department of the uni-
versity. The office left vacant by the
resignation of Col. Charles K. Dar-
ling.
Mr. Stone graduated from the Boston
university law school with the class of
1890, a white non-college graduate. He
was the winner of the second prize of
\$500 offered to the non-college men of his
class by the faculty for excellence in
scholarship, his rank being above that
of any college graduate in the class.
He was born in Lexington in 1878, and
attended the public schools of that town,
being graduated from the high school in
1894. He worked in the law office for three
years previous to entering B. U. He
passed the entrance examinations to
Harvard, but changed his mind at the
last moment and entered the law school
in 1897. During his course he was an
influential member of the Sigma Alpha
Epsilon and the Phi Delta Phi fraternities.
He will begin his work with the
freshman class next week.

OCTOBER, BEFORE THE
FROST.

October comes with a halo of warm
rain and sunshine; nature so near the
frost seems transfigured these last radi-
ant days. The fermentation of growth
has reached its clear vine gleams at the
brim, overflowing in fire and golden
light.
Through the haze the long shadows
on the grass are inviting with their mild
glow. The sun is in the office for all times
of the year one would quietly contem-
plate nature with recollections of philosophy
and poetry. The luxuriant grass is
green but the sunny hills are browned.
The white flowers are those of a light
snow had fallen. The fields blend into
the shadow of the woods, with here and
there a brilliant vine along the wall, and
among the evergreens some dark savin
is wound with crimson banner of
woodbine. Every path through black-
berry vines, green hollows or sunburnt
grass, by the wall or moss grown stile,
is a softly etched line of beauty.
The white sulphur buttercup flutters up
in the blue sky as though death were
not near at hand; gnats are apparitions
like a perpetual effervescence. Until the
afternoon is chilled by the shadow of
two bright bubbles, the sun has a happy
another the purple asters as though they
were columbines blooming in the heat of
July. Robins feast on the rum cherries,
and in the fields flocks of bluebirds de-
light the eye with their azure flight.
The jay proclaims his discontent, morn-
ing and noon, his rasping cry a foil to
the shrilling of the crickets and mellow
atmosphere. He is fond of acorns and
chestnuts, and when he finds a pre-
cious nut among the leaves, he takes it with
his strong beak until the shell is broken
and the white meat disclosed. Some-
times, however, he hides the nuts in a
hollow tree or scratching in the earth,
burying them and then he is to be seen
prank, no doubt, that many a splendid
oak or chestnut could be traced.
Surpassing all other sounds at this
time of year is the mellow honk of the
Canada goose, the great winged col-
ored New England sign in their journey south-
ward. Far, far aloft, yet a distinct spec-
tacle, impressing the soul with a sense
of nature's wild freedom and beauty.
The garden is in its last and per-
fected phase, a weird garden of bright
blossoms amid rusty vines.
"Budding more and still more later flow-
ers for the bees.
Until they think warm days will never
come again."

Late in the afternoon the tall sunflower
stalk, with withered leaves and great
disk of ripened seeds, hangs against the
pale saffron and dove color of the lum-
inous western sky. Morning-glories re-
volve in the air and in the cold
white honey-sweet tuberoses glow like
lilies in August. The orchard wall is
overgrown with bright leaved brambles
and laden grape vines. Pear trees hold
their branches of heavy, rust colored
leaves against the blue sky. Apples
gleam among green leaves with pleasant
suggestions of a well filled cellar, sup-
plying many a cosy feast by the winter
fire. Apples and berries are red. Wine
colored beet leaves contrast with rows
of pale lettuce, vivid celery, and turnips
with their rich tints of ivory and purple.
How wholesome the fragrance of such a
garden! The green leaves of the celery
are savory in flavor and when plucked
and eaten in the open air are sweeter
than the whitest stalks savored with salt
at the table.

Ladders lean against the trees and
baskets wait under them for fruit. The
kitchen table is a picture, with the bush-
el-basket half full of reddish pears,
glass jars of preserved fruit, and yellow
bowls, the round, rough basket resting
on its rim and covered with the
heap of pears within—perfect as if paint-
ed, finished and hung in the right light.
Wilson H. Fay.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH.

Early celebration of the Holy Com-
munion at St. John's church, Academy
street, at half-past seven tomorrow
morning.
Rev. James Yeames will preach at both
morning and evening services tomorrow.
Morning prayer and sermon, 10:30; evening
prayer and sermon, 7:30.
A certain part of the service will be
given before the St. John's Young Men's
society. Tuesday evening, by Rev. James
Yeames. The lecture was illustrated by
large colored drawings made by the lec-
turer, who at the close of his talk
showed some very unique natural objects
under a powerful microscope.
The Girls' Friendly society meets
Wednesday evenings in the parish house,
Maple street.
Herbert H. Yeames returned from Buf-
falo last week Friday.

UNIVERSALIST CHURCH.

The Universalist society has secured
the services of a quartet which will sing
at the service next Sunday morning for
the first time.
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morning and evening services tomorrow.
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MORTGAGEE'S SALE.

By virtue of a power of sale contained
in a mortgage given by James G. Luddy
and Mary A. Luddy, of Arlington, in the
Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to
Albion Knowlton, dated January 19, 1898,
recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds,
Book 2629, page 362, for breach of con-
dition of said mortgage will be sold by
public auction on the premises therein
hereinafter described, on Monday
November 11, 1901, at 3 o'clock in the
afternoon, all and singular the premises
conveyed by said mortgage, namely:
A certain parcel of land with buildings
thereon, situated in said Arlington,
on the Southern side of Teal street, bound-
ed as follows: Beginning at a point on
Teal street 418.85 feet from Massachusetts
highway, and running northwesterly
on Teal street forty-five feet to land now
or late of John J. and Robert Henderson,
Jr.; thence turning at right angles and
running southeasterly on said Henderson's
land one hundred and seventy and 100
feet; thence turning and running
southwesterly on said Henderson's land
forty-five feet; thence turning at right
angles and running northwesterly on
said Henderson's land one hundred and
50-100 feet to the point of beginning.
Containing 437.50 square feet.
The premises will be sold subject to a
prior mortgage on which \$1000 remains
unpaid and thereon, on Monday
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